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# Improvement Era



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No. 5



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
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## HYRUM MACK SMITH

Hyrum Mack Smith, eldest son of President Joseph F. Smith and his wife, Edna Lambson Smith, was born in Salt Lake City, March 21, 1872. In his youth he was carefully reared under the watchcare and love of his father and mother, which extended also into his manhood. He grew up a man of honor, unblemished and pure, a typical product of his father's home where ideals of honor are uppermost. He received his education in the public schools of Salt Lake City, and the Latter-day Saints University from which he graduated in the class of 1894. As a student he was keen and active, a favorite among his classmates and friends. He married Miss Ida Bowman, of Ogden, November 15, 1895, and on the evening of the next day departed for his first mission to Great Britain, laboring there as an ordinary elder in the Leeds conference. In October, 1896, he was set apart to preside over the New Castle conference which position he filled with honor until released to return home in February, 1898. At home he became an active missionary in the Salt Lake stake where his talents and energy were recognized by those who watched his progress. He was called to fill various Church positions in all of which, including his quorum activities, he was zealous and faithful. On the division of the Salt Lake stake he became a resident of that part known as the Granite stake where he continued his active missionary and quorum labors. He became the first stake Sunday School secretary of the Granite stake.

In temporal affairs he developed marked ability, and was for a time connected with Z. C. M. I. and in later life with a number of leading business concerns.

On October 24, 1901, he was ordained an apostle by President Joseph F. Smith, he having been chosen a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles, being recognized by them as a man fit in every way for that responsible position. At the time of his death he stood fourth in point of seniority in the Council as then organized, President Heber J. Grant, Elders Rudger Clawson and Reed Smoot being his seniors.

On September 18, 1913, he was called to succeed Elder Rudger Clawson as President of the European Mission and was in Germany on a missionary tour, at the time of the outbreak of the war. He met with signal success in calling in the missionaries, arranging their movements, and modifying their work according to the war situation. Returning home on September 15, 1916, he continued his work with renewed energy and enthusiasm, added power and comprehensiveness, and his utterances from the pulpit and in conversation were keen disquisitions on the doctrines of the gospel, the work of the Lord, as well as upon the great war. On his mission his wife aided him ably and untiringly.

His middle name, Mack, was a family name given him by his father in honor of Lucy Mack Smith, who was the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith who was President Joseph F. Smith's father. Hyrum M. Smith was a strict observer of the word of wisdom, never having tasted tea, coffee, tobacco or strong drinks. In every way, he not only lived in harmony with the principles of truth, but was one of the strongest teachers of the gospel among his brethren. He often reproved with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, but afterwards, in conformity with the word of God, showed forth an increase of love toward him or them whom he had reproved, lest they might deem him an enemy. On earth he was a teacher of righteousness, an advocate of justice, and an exemplar of purity. In the world to come, glory, immortality and eternal life are his.



HYRUM MACK SMITH

Born, Salt Lake City, Utah, March 21, 1872; ordained an Apostle,  
October 24, 1901; died, January 23, 1918.

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## In Memoriam

*Hyrum Mack Smith, an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

With the pulpits of the great Tabernacle covered in beautiful flowers, with every seat in the vast building occupied by representative men and women, not only from in and around Salt Lake City, but from many distant parts of the Church, the funeral services for Elder Hyrum M. Smith, of the Council of Twelve Apostles, were held on Sunday, January 27, 1918, at 1 o'clock p. m.

It was a remarkably memorable occasion in which the outpourings of love and sympathy for the bereaved were freely given, the Holy Spirit was keenly felt and enjoyed, and just praise for the departed freely expressed from every heart. The keen grief of President Joseph F. Smith, and the mother of Hyrum, Mrs. Edna Lambson Smith, and Hyrum's wife and children, must have been sweetly assuaged by the love, sympathy, and homage paid to them, and to their beloved son, husband, and father, by the speakers, the vast congregation, and by letters and telegrams of condolence from all parts of the Church.

Church officials, including presidents of stakes, bishops, and heads of the auxiliary and temple organizations were seated in bodies, in regular order.

The floral tributes were exquisite in beauty and arrangement, shedding a rich fragrance throughout the great building.

Members of the Council of the Twelve, led by President Heber J. Grant, acted as pallbearers. As they entered with the casket at the north door, the congregation arose to their feet and remained standing until the family were seated in front of the flower-bedecked pulpits at the foot of which the casket was placed in the midst of a wilderness of bloom.

President Anthon H. Lund presided over the services, announcing the opening hymn, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief," which was sung by the Tabernacle choir.

Bishop Jacob Mauss, of Waterloo, of whose ward Elder Hyrum M. Smith was a member, offered the prayer, a humble and fervent appeal to the Lord to bless and comfort, in their grief, the parents, wife and family of the departed.

The choir sang the hymn, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." Then followed the announcement, by President Lund, of the speakers whose eulogies of the departed and whose doctrinal sermons of comfort are given herewith in full:

*President Heber J. Grant*

I earnestly desire the benefit of the faith and prayers of the

audience, that I may be able to say something encouraging and comforting to those who mourn upon this sad occasion. I rejoice in knowing that my Redeemer lives. I rejoice in the knowledge that our brother, whose body lies before us, had a perfect knowledge of the divinity of the mission of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I rejoice in knowing that there were none of the principles of life and salvation but what he received with all his heart, and that each and all of the wonderful and marvelous blessings, which are beyond the language of man to fully tell, which will come to those who have a knowledge of the Savior and who live the gospel of Jesus Christ, will come to our beloved brother. I rejoice in a knowledge that he has gained the highest of all the blessings that God can give to man, namely, life eternal in the presence of our Father, and our Redeemer, of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and of the faithful ones who have died before. I know of none of the brethren, with whom I have been associated, who had a more perfect and absolute knowledge of the Gospel, or who took more real pleasure in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know of no one who was more faithful in the calling that came to him as a special witness of our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, than was Brother Hyrum M. Smith. It has fallen to my lot, in connection with the other members of his quorum, to travel with him and to listen to his inspired words in proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ to the Saints, and I have been able to remark to my family and to others, that in all my travels, week after week, no man of our quorum has ever fed me the bread of life, touched my heart, and caused me to rejoice more in the gospel of Jesus Christ, than you and I have espoused, than did our dearly beloved brother whose remains lie before us today. His death comes as a great shock to each and every member of the Council to which he belonged. Such a thing as his being called from us, in his young manhood, had never entered our hearts. We had never thought of anything of this kind. In our thoughts we had builded for him a future of great labor in this Church, and this had given us almost perfect faith that his life would be preserved to the people for many years yet to come.

I pray, with all the power that I possess, that God will comfort and bless and strengthen his father, his mother, his wife and all of his family, and all who mourn upon this occasion. If you and I can be as faithful, as loyal, as true, from day to day, and as diligent and willing to labor, as our brother has been, then our future happiness and salvation in this life and in the life to come will be assured. That God may help us to so live that when the battle of life is o'er, we shall be permitted to meet



Brother Hyrum in our Father's kingdom, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Elder Orson F. Whitney*

I have no words for this occasion. My heart is too full. Speech seems almost like a desecration. I feel like one who is wandering in a painful dream and who thinks he will soon awaken. I wish I could. I was not prepared for the sad event that has robbed us, for a time, of the society of our dear brother, Hyrum M. Smith. I loved this man. He was my friend, and I was his friend; and we are still friends.

I am glad that I could be one of those who were with him almost in his last hours. I was with him and his brother, Joseph F., Jr., on Friday, five days before his death. We were associated in committee work; and as Hyrum arose to depart, he complained of a slight pain in the abdomen. But in his genial way he passed it off with a half jocular remark and proceeded homeward. That was the last I saw or heard of him until early Sunday morning, when, with Elder James E. Talmage, I was summoned to his bedside. It was about one o'clock, and the message that came stated that Brother Hyrum was seriously ill. We were the only members of the Council of the Twelve then available; the others being engaged elsewhere. We hastened to his home, and found him suffering very intensely. We administered to him repeatedly the healing ordinance of the Church, and he became easier and finally slept. We remained with him until morning. As soon as practicable he was taken to the hospital to undergo an operation, and after I had a little rest I went to the hospital for the purpose of blessing him again, but he had just been taken to the operating room and was even then under the influence of the anesthetic. I returned in the evening and gave him my blessing, administering in conjunction with Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr. After Sunday night it was not deemed wise to admit anyone to the sick room. Consequently that was the last I saw of Hyrum until I looked upon his lifeless form this morning.

I have known him for many years, first as a lad, or stripling, a newly fledged elder of the Church. It was in the chapel of the Eighteenth ward, when I was bishop there, that he made his "maiden speech" as a home missionary. I remember receiving a note from his father, President Smith, on that occasion, asking me to take a kindly interest in his "little boy" who was about to make his first address in that capacity. I was glad to give him all the encouragement I could. After that I lost track of him for a time. He went to foreign lands on a mission. Our paths

were apart, and I did not know him intimately until I was called into the Council of the Twelve, in April, 1906, he being already a member of that body. We soon became acquainted and learned to love each other. There was a bond of genuine affection between us. We traveled and preached together; conversed and read and served on committees together; and in various ways were quite companionable.

One thing that drew me to Hyrum was the keen sense of humor that he possessed. He was anything but frivolous and light-minded. On the contrary, he was generally serious, and at times severe. Such was his hatred of vice and wrongdoing, that he could not look upon it with the least degree of allowance, and he was unsparing in his denunciation of evil in every form; but he had a kind and noble heart and was not lacking in charity and brotherly love. There was a rich vein of humor in him. He could unbend—could see the funny side of things, and enjoy a good laugh, a good joke, a good story; but those jokes and stories had to be clean and wholesome, or he would not countenance them. For he had a pure heart, a clean mind, and a lovable disposition. I thank God that he found in me something congenial and companionable. He always said just what he thought and felt, and was frank and fearless in expressing himself. Ever respectful to authority, but never a sycophant, he was fast developing into a great man, and I looked for big things in his future.

To most of his friends his death will come as a shock. It will be considered an untimely end, and is so from our human viewpoint. But we are hardly qualified, with our present knowledge, to pass judgment upon such matters. We must leave them in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. The length or brevity of a man's life is not always to be determined by the number of years he passes in mortality.

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

So said an English poet. Judged by this standard, Hyrum M. Smith, stricken down in his prime, had lived a long life; for his thoughts, his feelings and his acts were noble. There are some natures that are capable of living longer than others in the same period of time. It was remarked, I believe, by President Brigham Young, at the funeral of Jedediah M. Grant, his counselor, away back in the fifties, that Brother Grant, with his sensitive nature, his capacity for feeling, his great receptivity, his comprehension of the principles of truth and righteousness and



his congeniality therewith—could live in ten years a longer life than other men could in twenty or fifty years. Perhaps Hyrum M. Smith was that kind of a man. I believe he was. I believe he has experienced more in his forty-six years of mortal life, than many another man now tottering on the brink of the grave, up among the seventies or eighties. Why he was taken, and why others remain, is a question we must leave in the hands of God.

This thing called death—what is it? Charles Frohman, standing on the deck of the doomed *Lusitania*, just before she plunged into ocean depths, remarked: “Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life.” This from the lips of a man born and bred in the atmosphere of the theatre, the Temple of Thespis, the playhouse! Surely a people dwelling in the shadow of God’s Temple, worshipping Jehovah, possessing the fulness of the gospel, wielding the powers of the eternal Priesthood and living in the light of divine revelation, which turns conjecture and surmising into absolute certainty and perfect confidence—surely they, of all people, are capable of reasonable, resigned, beautiful and sublime views of life and death. No people that I know of are so well qualified as the Latter-day Saints to solve the mysteries of past, present and future. We are followers of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the world, who proclaimed Himself sent forth from God, and declared that he would return to his Father after he had completed his work below. We follow him. He is our model. We are here to do his will, to do the things that we were sent to do, and then—go home; school being out, the mission ended, and an honorable release having been earned.

I shall leave doctrinal themes to those who follow me. I have spoken long enough. I feel for President Smith; God bless him! I feel for Hyrum’s wife; God bless her! And for his mother, and his children, and all his kindred and friends. With a heart full of sympathy and love for him and them, I invoke “the peace that passeth understanding” to descend like the dews of heaven upon their sorrowing souls. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Elder James E. Talmage*

This is to me a most solemn and hallowed hour. I, too, loved our brother. I have watched him develop from the time he was a student of mine. I have rejoiced in his success in godliness and in the blessing his life has proved to the people of the Church; and I feel at this moment as I think I have never before so intensely felt that, after all, funeral services are not held for those who go but for us who are left. We could not

change his status or his record, if we would, and so far as I know him and of him I would have no desire to change it. I only hope my own may approach his in devotion, in fearlessness in proclaiming the gospel as a practical thing and not a mere theory to please the mind.

He has gone. Elders are needed on the other side, and apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ are wanted there. Although I do not bring myself to the thought that lives are cut short, and men and women taken in their prime, or youths on the threshold of maturity, because there is a dearth of men and women beyond, yet I read of the Lord Jesus Christ going, as soon as his spirit left his pierced and tortured body on the cross, to minister unto the spirits on the other side. Just as He inaugurated the missionary service that shall lead men into the path of salvation, upon the earth, and then left his ordained servants to carry on the work which He had begun, so in the spirit world those who have died, bearing the Holy Priesthood, and worthy thereof, are following in the footsteps of the great Master in preaching the gospel and declaring the message of salvation to the disembodied. I cannot think of Hyrum M. Smith as being otherwise employed. I cannot conceive of him as being idle. I cannot think of him having no regard for those among whom he is called to associate.

And where is he now? So far as the revealed word of God has made the condition of the departed known to us, in ever so small degree, we are justified in concluding that he has gone to join the apostles who departed before him, to share with them in the work of declaring the glad message of redemption and salvation unto those who for lack of opportunity, or through neglect, failed to avail themselves of those wondrous and transcendent blessings upon the earth. I do not sympathize with him, because I know that with him all is well; but my heart goes out to those who are nearest and dearest to him and who will feel, as others cannot feel, the loss. For while his father has not lost his son, while his mother should not feel that she has lost him, nor his wife that she has lost a husband, nor the children that they have lost a father, they have lost his association and the blessing of his presence, for a time, because he has gone ahead of them.

With all our assurances concerning the blessing that comes through advancement which can be made under existing conditions only through the portals of death, I feel that it would be a sad reflection upon us if we steeled our hearts and did not mourn for the loss of the presence and companionship of those who go. The Lord has made plain the fact that the tears shed under such bereavement as this are sacred in his eyes. He has

commanded us that we shall have regard for those who go and that we weep for them because they are not longer with us. Therefore, let us not be ashamed of emotion and tears on such an occasion as this, but let our tears be those of resignation and acknowledgment of the hand of God, in the assurance that he will bring good out of even this great trouble and burden.

All Israel mourns today, and rightly so, for one of the presiding servants of the Lord placed to minister among the people has been taken from us in the very prime of his service. I find comfort in the assurance given of God that all is well with those who pass away, after all that he has directed be done has been done.

On Wednesday evening last, with some of my brethren and his, I took part in administration and prayer. I have acknowledged and confessed to some of those to whom we are most nearly related in service, that I struggled, with all my power, to make my desire develop into assurance, and to feel that he would be raised up; but I did not feel it. On the contrary, there came into my heart the conviction that he was about to leave and that all was well. As I pondered and prayed there came to my mind, with comfort and assurance, the utterance of the Lord himself that after the ordinances of the Church have been duly administered unto those who are afflicted and who seem near unto death, "if they die, they die unto me, saith the Lord;" and in such wise our brother has passed.

May the peace that God alone can give dwell in the household that still is his, and be in the hearts of children and wife, of mother and father, of brothers and sisters, and, since we all claimed him, may that peace be in the hearts of all of us, to our betterment and to the glory of God, I humbly ask in the Master's name. Amen.

*Elder Frank Y. Taylor, President of the Granite Stake of Zion*

I pray, my brethren and sisters, that the same good spirit may accompany my remarks that has characterized the remarks of my brethren. With you all, I feel and have felt very keenly the separation from my friend and brother, Hyrum M. Smith. I have loved him ever since I first knew him, as a boy. It was Friday, I think, that I was crossing over the city street. Being on the opposite side, he hurriedly walked over and met me. He took me by the hand, passed the time of day, and said some very tender and kind things to me. He walked with me across the road again and down the street, still holding my hand. I could not comprehend why he was so solicitous of me on that occasion, but as soon as I heard of his sickness and operation,



a cold chill came over me, and I felt in my soul that he was bidding me good-bye on the street that day. Like Brother Talmage, I felt much concerned, did not have the faith that I ought to have had, and I felt uneasy all the time he was in the hospital.

I have known Brother Hyrum intimately for many years. We have been neighbors, and as a neighbor I have known him best. I would like to speak of this phase of his life. We have been in the mountains together, fishing and hunting. I have had the pleasure of entertaining him, numerous times, at our little place in the mountains, and there is where I knew him best. We got closer together on occasions of that kind. We have slept in the same bed. We have told one another our secrets, our ambitions, and our hopes. I want to say to this congregation—you already know it—that I never knew a cleaner, sweeter, more wholesome man than Hyrum M. Smith. I never knew him to indulge in a frivolity that was unbecoming to his place and position in the Church and as a father in Israel. I never knew a more devoted couple than he and his wife. There were perfect love and union and harmony existing in his home. We were frequently invited there, and it was a great pleasure to me to witness his splendid example as a father and as a husband. How he loved his wife, and how tender, courteous and kind he was, and what deference he always showed her! It seemed to me that he was anxious, all the time, to be doing something that would give pleasure to his loved ones.

We shall miss him, down in our stake. He lived in our midst, and he was a splendid, good example in our community. Personally I feel that I have indeed lost, for the present—I will not say that I have lost him altogether—a very dear friend; because we were close personal friends. It was always a pleasure to me to meet him and take him by the hand. There was something so sincere and real about him—nothing put on. I don't think that Brother Hyrum could dissemble to anybody. He was a fearless defender of the truth. He upheld it both in example and in precept. He loved the work of the Lord, and he loved those who love the cause of truth in the earth. He did not seem to have patience with those who were sinning and doing that which is wrong, but he was anxious for their uplift and for them to repent and to do better, to do good. We shall miss him exceedingly, and I am sure all Israel will miss the presence of this staunch defender of the work of the Lord; but our heavenly Father's work on the other side will be a gainer by it.

I have been thinking in my mind why it was necessary that this splendid, good boy should be taken from our midst and go to the other side. Yet, we are all here for an experience, for

an education; and I have seen men, in my life, who, it seemed to me, had graduated, so to speak, from this stage of existence and who were prepared for the work on the other side. I am sure of this, that there is no one of my acquaintances who is better prepared to go into the presence of the Lord our God than this man. I believe that he has graduated; I believe he has attained the knowledge and experience required of him, and he has gone to continue his work in the presence of the Lord our God.

I feel keenly for his wife and the children, for his father and mother, and the boys and the girls. Whenever I come to an occasion of this kind I know their aching hearts, their sorrow, and the grief that is upon them, and I always feel, O, I would to the Lord that I had the power to comfort them, and to bless them, and to heal up their wounds! I do know this, however, that our Father in heaven is able to comfort and to bestow his peace, and I am sure he will do so on this occasion. That he will bless and comfort President Smith and the mother, the wife, and the children, and I pray that the blessings of our heavenly Father may rest down upon all the kindred and friends, and that his comfort and peace may come to all the people in the Church, because we all mourn today! I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The choir sang, "What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?" solo sung by Miss Edna Gotberg.

*Bishop Charles W. Nibley*

This splendid outpouring of the multitudes of Latter-day Saints, and our friends also who are not members of our Church, is a great testimonial to the life and character of our departed brother. The people in this congregation are not here merely for a show of respect, but they are here with love in their hearts, with sympathy in their souls, with affection deep and strong for the family of Elder Hyrum M. Smith, for President Smith and for the entire family. I know this—and I know that you feel it is true, and never have I known on any occasion of this kind, and never have I felt more strongly, at a funeral of one of our leaders, this feeling of love, of reverence and sympathy which we experience here today and which is felt everywhere today, among the Latter-day Saints, throughout the Church; for they know, as we all know, that a mighty man has fallen in Israel. As President Grant has said, most of the people could see a great future for Hyrum; he was so humble withal, so earnest, so devoted that everyone who had the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance knew what manner of man he was. O,

how much I sorrow for his departure, and yet when I look around, even on this stand where there are men who are surely among the best of all Israel, I can see no one more fit and seasoned and ready to go to the presence of his Maker than was Elder Hyrum M. Smith. Yet the parting is sad; we take it as a great affliction; but it may be counted for good.

I have known Hyrum from his very childhood. I have lived in the home with his family. Not many men, few indeed, they who have had the privilege of being reared in a family like this—a large family. Not many men had as many mothers, so to speak, as he had the privilege of having; for he scarcely knew the difference, as he grew up, between his own mother and Aunt Julina, or Aunt Sarah, and the others, the wives of President Smith. It is a united family, and every member is a worker. I have seen Hyrum, and those who know him have seen him as soon as he got home, where there was work to do in his garden or around his place, his overalls and jumper went on, and he was hard at work, doing manual labor. He loved to work; he was not an idler—he was a worker; and so you will find it with every member of this large family; for, let it be said to the credit of President Smith and the family, every one of these boys and girls, too, are workers. They work in the Church; they work in the fields, and on the farm. Such a family, their like cannot be found! Hyrum's home life was ideal—a model to us all. No one of all my acquaintance can touch it, in its perfection, in its love, in its beauty and grandeur. In all things, I believe, so far as I know, he was acceptable to God. He was a brave man, if the occasion arose and his Church was assailed, or his father was assailed; and he has proved it, too,—he was ready, with the strength of his right arm, to make good what he stood for. No slanderer could treat him or his loved ones in that kind of a way! So he was a man of courage, a valiant man, a true man in every sense. I have loved him more than a brother. Happy the father who can claim such a son—not sorrowful. Happy the mother who bore and reared such a son as this. Happy the wife who can say: This was my husband—a model, the paragon of all. Happy the children who can claim him for a father. "He was a man, take him for all in all. We shall not look upon his like again." Amen.

*Elder Richard R. Lyman*

My place this afternoon is really not here among the speakers. I belong among the mourners. It is now almost thirty years since the mother of this excellent young man shed tears with me at the grave of my dear mother. His mother and mine spent their childhood and practically all of their lives in



the most intimate kind of friendship. They were bare-foot girls together, west of the Jordan. In this community, in those pioneer days, there was in every heart love, in every home poverty, and in every life pleasure. Those who thus lived formed a love for one another that will last forever. This is why I belong among the mourners.

We have lying before us this afternoon, a worthy son of a noble and illustrious sire—a worthy grandson of a noble and martyred grand-sire. This man, for his conviction, for his Church, for what he believed to be the right, "could have gone to the stake without the quiver of an eyelash." Death came because of the continued fortitude and resistance to pain put forth by his iron will. Because of the steel that was in his makeup, he resisted until it was too late.

Nor was his strong nature his most prominent characteristic. He was a hand of steel with a glove of velvet. Like his distinguished father, this young man "in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine, he was vine and flower." His father possesses what is perhaps a matchless tenderness and chivalry for children and for women. My father, President Smith's life-long and intimate associate, has said: "No child—not even a waif in a foreign land—ever uttered a cry of distress, or a cry of sorrow, in vain, if that cry reached the ear of Joseph F. Smith."

From President Joseph F. Smith, I think no woman—no child, has ever received an unkind look or an unkind word. He is chivalry itself in its highest form. Find his equal in this respect, if you can, in any church, in any country, in any clime.

Like his father, Hyrum M. Smith had a tender, loving, gentle nature, which well nigh reached perfection in his home life. To his wife and children he was affectionately devoted. Than he and his wife, perhaps no two ever loved each other more. There was no labor he would not perform, no sacrifice he would not make, for her sake. His greatest pleasure was giving joy to her and to their children.

To Hyrum M. Smith, his wife was a living, a perpetual support and inspiration. It is said of him that during the recent trip of the President's party through the south, Hyrum spoke almost as human tongue was never known to speak. Much of his inspiration came from that devoted wife who sat before him.

"This is the sixth out of my ten children I have followed to the grave," said this man's mother; "but," she continued, "I propose to hold on to the tree of life. God's will, not mine, be done." Blessed, indeed, the person who possesses such a faith. May it be in the hearts of all these kindred, now.

Hyrum M. Smith lived in strict conformity with his own

highest ideals, and in perfect accord with the teachings, the desires, and the wishes of his distinguished father.

"By their fruits," the scriptures say, "ye shall know them." This man, with his exemplary life, is a product of the "Mormon" Church. The lives of the other members of his father's family are much like his. Measured by the world's highest Christian standards these lives are near perfection. If these are samples of the products of the "Mormon" Church, I am proud today to be one of its members.

It is the spirit of the "Mormon" Pioneers and the "Mormon" Church.—the inspiration of the Great Master—that perfected this man's life. Let those who are interested in the purity and the perfection of home life examine this example. And when they have discovered all its beauty, all its purity, and all its joy, may they be fair enough and frank enough to acknowledge concerning the lives of the Latter-day Saints, that they have been mistaken as were those of old who said, "Can any thing good come out of Nazareth?"

*President Charles W. Penrose*

This opportunity afforded me is both a privilege and a task. I appreciate very much the opportunity of saying a few words on this occasion but feel my inability to say that which is in my heart. We have heard many very fine things today, during these services. All have been fitly spoken; all are expressive of the feelings of those who have addressed us, and they, in a small degree, depict the noble character and efficient services and glorious future of our dear departed brother, Hyrum M. Smith. One of the poetic writers of the Bible likened words fitly spoken to apples of gold in pictures of silver. Surely we have had a display today and a great feast of fine things which should comfort our hearts, gladden our souls, and enable us to appreciate the fact that all things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things; not that he, our Eternal Father, is personally engaged in taking away our dear ones from us, but that in his providence all these things occur. The eternal laws of the universe are his laws, and those effects that come from natural causes are inevitable and in accordance with the things that are eternal. President Joseph F. Smith appreciates, as I hope we all do, the words that have been spoken this day in regard to the life and character of his departed son. He is thankful for them, also; for all the good things that have been said for his comfort and consolation, which have come by letter and by telegraph and by telephone and by personal visitations from numerous friends. For all these expressions our beloved

President is grateful today and desires to convey this to the people, that they may know he does appreciate their efforts for his consolation.

One of the gems of scripture and of that glorious Sermon on the Mount, as it is called, among the utterances of Jesus, our Redeemer, is the saying, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." That seems a strange expression to use; that those who mourn are blessed; but we shall find in our experience hereafter, if we do not now, that the saying is exactly correct. It is a blessing for people to have cause to mourn. If there was no mourning in our hearts our education on this globe would not be complete. If our sympathies were not drawn out through the affliction of others we should not be properly developed. We have in us, as the children of the Most High, those glorious but undeveloped attributes which shine forth in their perfection in the personality of Deity. We are the children of our God, and that we might walk in his footsteps and arrive at a fit condition to dwell in his presence and enjoy his immediate society, it is necessary that every faculty and attribute which we have inherited from him shall receive development; and those things that are called the laws of life, the sufferings in mortality, those things that are needful to develop us, come to us as blessings. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" and how shall they be comforted? How can we be comforted today, when we think of the life and character of our brother who has gone, and what we anticipated for him in our narrow conceptions of the lives of men? When we think that he is taken from our midst, and that those with whom he was immediately associated in the family capacity are bowed down in sorrow because of his absence, the question naturally arises, how shall those who mourn be comforted? There are a great many things that might be said in that line, if there were time. I do not wish to detain this great congregation too long—a congregation that is representative today of the hundreds of thousands of Latter-day Saints who mourn with us the departure of our beloved brother, who know about his labors in their midst, who have known of his labors abroad as well as his labors at home, and of the splendid example that he has set to them, in the family capacity, in vigorous manhood, in individual characteristics of a true elder in Israel, an apostle of Jesus Christ, a servant of the Most High God. We come here today and represent all those masses of members of this Church who mourn the departure of our brother.

There are a great many things which are very comforting to us because of that knowledge which has come to us, and has been mentioned by some of the speakers today. In the first



place, we know from the revelations of God to us, to say nothing of the ancient scriptures which have been handed down to us—the Holy Bible, the Old and the New Testament, the Book of Mormon, and the revelations that came to the ancients, but we know today, by the revelations of God in our own time, that all does not end with death; that all did not have a beginning with our birth; that we lived before; that we shall live after, and that this is but an episode in our great everlasting existence. The spirit of man is the offspring of God. It came from above. The body of man is formed out of the earthly elements; it came from beneath. The spirit and body joined together, inseparably, can obtain a fulness of joy; but when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy. It takes the body through which pleasure, joy, power, dominion and increase shall come to the individual, from material things as we call them; and it takes the immortal spirit of man to receive from above the rich treasures of knowledge and wisdom and light and intelligence which will develop us into the full measure of the status of Deity. From the heights above and the depths below, when the spirit of man and the body of man are joined together, inseparably, as they will be, as we have learned, we can receive from all parts of God's great universe, from every element, from every source, everything that there is to develop and make great and mighty and glorious the sons and daughters of the living God.

God has revealed that to us. He has also revealed to us the eternity of all the elements, spiritual and physical, the elements that compose the body, drawn from the earth and the air and the materials around us—all these elements are eternal, without beginning and without end. The organization began at birth and, for the time being, it appears to have ended when death comes; but the elementary particles never had any commencement, and they will never perish. Fire cannot burn them; water cannot drown them. They may be scattered to the four winds, but they remain, for they are eternal. That being the case they can, by the great organizing power of Deity, be brought together again. They can be separated but still abide and continue in their elementary condition. This is the beginning of the philosophy of the resurrection, which our dear brother whose remains lie here believed in with all his heart. He had the testimony that when death comes it merely separates the spirit and the body; that all the essential elements to perfection in the worlds to come, in worlds without end, are in the human being, and they can be brought together again upon natural, eternal principles, to endure forever in their reorganized condition and state. Christ is the magnet of the resurrection. He died and lived again. As he died and lived again, so can all

persons who are in him and upon whom he exercises the power God gave him, all power on earth and in the heavens, as he proclaimed when he returned and manifested himself to his disciples. Life and immortality have been brought to light through the gospel. They always existed, but they were brought clearly to light in the personality and life and atonement and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus of Nazareth who died on the cross, who is our great Comforter. Comfort comes to us when we mourn, if we know these simple facts that I have been briefly speaking upon; if we know that we are eternal beings and that the intelligent spirit that dwells in the body is not mortal; that it came from God; that it will go back to God; that it is capable of endless development, everlasting progress, worlds without end. With this knowledge we are comforted when we see the form of our dear one, young or old as the case may be, lie before us in death.

Hyrum M. Smith still lives, that brave spirit who has been spoken of this morning. All the good things said concerning him I bear testimony to. That bright spirit has gone from the body with all the experience gained while in mortality, with all the experiences gained in the sphere before he came here, and he will have other experiences in the Paradise of God to which he has gone, to associate with his kind, his class, his quorum, his proper associates. Greater experiences still will come to him. He will be prepared, in the morning of the resurrection day, when "the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings," to come forth and inherit the glory, power and dominion promised to him and sealed upon his head in the ordinances of the House of God. Not only that, but here are the family to which he belongs. Here is his noble father, whom we all love and revere, whom we regard with such veneration that we could not express it in words. He stands at the head of his household. He knows as well as anybody knows that he has not lost a son. He has gone away, but he will come back again. His body will be placed in the ground, but the substantial, necessary, fundamental elements to the perfection of that body can be and will be called together in the resurrection of the just, and he will stand up again upon his feet to inherit the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom. He knows that, and he is comforted with that assurance. Not only that, but Brother Hyrum had and has a loving wife, as we have heard. I testify to the truth of all that has been said concerning her as well as him. She is his. She understands it. She has been sealed to him by a sacred and holy ordinance, for time and for all eternity, an everlasting bond that shall not be broken, that cannot be broken except through transgression. And the offspring of that union belong to them,

and they will come forth in their place. This family, disrupted for the present, will be reunited, and it will endure, increase and multiply forever and ever, worlds without end; and in that there is comfort and joy. She knows that she will receive her husband to her bosom again. The father and the mother of that good son know that they will meet with him again; they have no doubt about it. The gospel has brought that to light.

Life and immortality have been brought to light through the gospel, in the latter days, by the revelations of God through the Prophet Joseph Smith. These things are comforting to us; and we, his brethren, with whom he labored in council, wherein he showed forth capabilities that made us believe there was a wonderful future for him in this life, we who have associated with him in council, who have traveled with him throughout the various stakes of Zion, who have known of his work, who have with him sat in committees where work is done that the public generally know very little about; in that hard mental work in those committees we have met with him, and we know of his qualifications, his patience, his faith, his endurance, his promptitude, his punctuality, and the fearlessness with which he was always ready to express his views and opinions, and yet, at the same time, willing to coincide with his brethren if he found he was mistaken. He was a noble character, a great man, and we look for a development of that kind of men in time to come, that I need not talk about here today.

But he has gone from our midst. Is he dead? Not in the full sense of the term. He is dead because the body and the spirit have separated. "As the body without the spirit is dead," James the apostle said, "so faith without works is dead." Yes, the dead body is there; but the elements that belong to it, that have had experience in their intercourse and association, that are fundamental to the body and do not pass away with the outlets that there are to the human system, they belong to one another. They belong to him; they are his; and he will have power to come back, as the Savior did, and receive that body, quickened by the Spirit of God and glorified by the power of God. So in these things there is comfort. Comfort comes to those who mourn. Shall those that mourn today be comforted with these? Yes, and many other things that I have not time to talk about. I know that they believe in them with all their hearts. It is not a mere theory; it is not an idle dream. The convictions of it are stamped upon their souls by the revelations of the Spirit of God to them individually. God bless this family. I know that he will. I know that he will sustain and comfort our dear brother who presides over the Church, and the mother



of this boy that has gone. She will be comforted, because she understands these things; and that dear wife of his, who has been so great a comfort and a strength to him, at home and abroad. She knows it too; and the children, as their minds develop, will come to an understanding of these things. So those who mourn shall indeed be comforted.

I bear testimony to all the good things that have been said this morning, concerning Brother Hyrum M. Smith. I hope to meet him; I believe that I shall, and that we will enjoy each others' society again. We sometimes sing in one of our funeral hymns—"Not dead but sleepeth. Amen." It is one of the most beautiful we have in the collection of hymns. Well, in the true sense of the term he is not dead, and he is not sleeping. These mortal remains sleep, and they shall sleep in peace—the peace of God be upon them—but Hyrum is not sleeping; he could not be. He will be active; he will be at work. He will carry with him, as I have said, into the world where he has gone, all those great qualities exhibited here in mortality, and all the knowledge that he has accumulated, all the experience he has had, and all those good characteristics that have been talked about today. They go with him; they are part of him; they will be exercised in the world to which he has gone, to aid in the great work of redemption of the whole human race, under the direction of Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

May this conviction be in the hearts of my dear friends. God bless them, every one, and all Israel. Let all the people be comforted who have lost their dear ones for a time. They live; they are not sleeping. Their bodies slumber in the dust, but even they shall be awakened in the glorious resurrection day and come forth, and then shall the broken families be reunited; for they belong to one another, through the ordinances of God's House, and there is a future for them all, never-ending, ever increasing, in life, in glory, in power, in dominion and extension. God is over all. He directs all things according to his will; and all that occur in our history, while we dwell on the earth, will eventually contribute to our greatness and glory and our happiness and joy in the presence of our Eternal Father. May God bless the family and all who are bereaved, and help us emulate the good works of our dear brother, and may we all have the joy of meeting him in the world to come, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

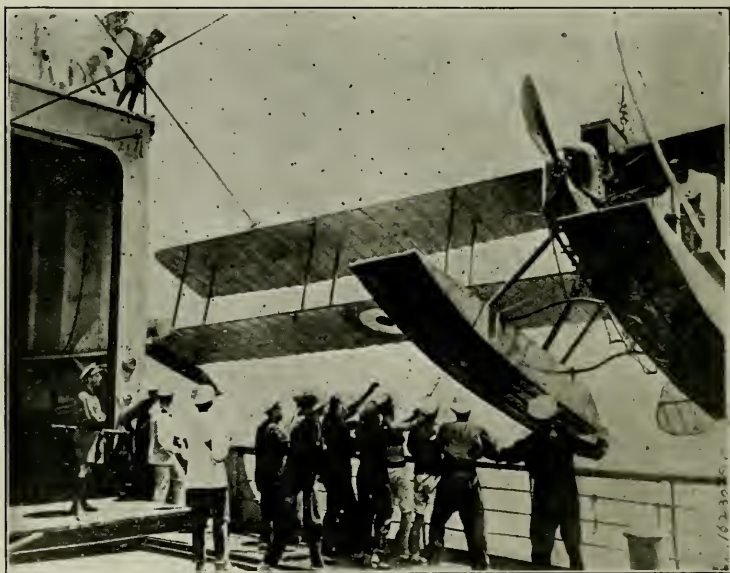
*President Anthon H. Lund*

In behalf of President Joseph F. Smith and the family, I desire to thank this great assemblage for this mark of their sympathy and love for our departed friend and brother, Hyrum

M. Smith; also the speakers who have given us so many comforting words, and have spoken concerning the splendid character of this our brother. We thank them; and I can bear testimony to the truth of all they have said. We also thank the Choir for the beautiful singing, and those who have taken part in arranging the details of this funeral—the bishopric and the committees.

The choir sang, "O My Father," and benediction was pronounced by Elder A. W. Ivins.

At the cemetery the Ariel quartet sang, "Rest on the Hillside, Rest," and the grave was dedicated by Elder George Albert Smith.



LOWERING A BIG BRITISH HYDROAEROPLANE TO CHASE AWAY ENEMY AEROPLANES

One of the big British hydroaeroplanes being lowered into the water to chase away enemy aeroplanes. It was being transported on board an aeroplane carrying ship when enemy aeroplanes tried to bombard the vessel. After being lowered into the water the plane chased away the enemy and then circled about to make sure that no hostile aircraft or submarine were near. That task finished it settled into the water alongside the ship and was raised to the deck by pulleys, the same apparatus by which it was lowered into the water. The hydroaeroplane is housed on the back part of the deck of the ship.

# The Makers of Science

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*By F. S. Harris, Director Utah Agricultural Experiment Station*

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## *VI—Copernicus*

Copernicus furnishes an example of a man who by diligent study gave to the world one of the most important discoveries of all time in spite of the fact that he possessed no unusual mental endowments. His intellectual prowess cannot be compared to that of Newton who lived a century later nor to some of the earlier scholars; but a life of painstaking investigation enabled him to completely demonstrate that the old Ptolemaic idea of the solar system is wrong. So great was the contribution of this Polish monk that the real dawn of modern science is usually considered to date from 1543, the year he published his life's work.

Copernicus was born at Thorn, in Polish Prussia, in 1473. His real name was Nicolas Copernik which was Latinized to the name that is usually applied to him. He was brought up under the guardianship of his uncle Lucas, Prince-bishop of the Prussian diocese of Ermland. He entered Cracow University the year before Columbus discovered America. Here he studied mathematics, optics, and perspective, and later was graduated as doctor of arts and medicine; in the meantime he was also preparing for the ecclesiastical profession.

Not many details of his life are recorded, but he is known to have been an assistant at Cracow and to have studied mathematics at Bologna. In 1500 he lectured in mathematics and astronomy at Rome. About this time he observed an eclipse of the moon. The following year he began the study of medicine at Padua, going into the orders at about the same time. On his return home he took charge of the principal church in his native home and became canon, although he was never made a priest. Here at Frauenburg, near the mouth of the Vistula, he lived the rest of his life in comparative quiet, seldom taking any important part in the life of the times. One exception to this, however, was a report he made to the government on coinage.

There seems to have been nothing unusual in his life. He was just a quiet, patient, God-fearing student who through his scholarly habits drew to himself several earnest pupils whom he instructed mainly through conversation. He compiled tables on the movements of the planets, thinking to improve the Ptolemaic system which was universally believed in at the time.

This system considered the earth to be the center of the universe with all the other heavenly bodies revolving around it. His studies, however, gradually forced him to the idea that the earth moved around the sun; this was a complete change from any idea that had previously been held.

To our way of looking at things today this may not have been much of a step, but the havoc it wrought is shown by the bitter strife that lasted through several generations after the announcement of the Copernican theory. Although Copernicus definitely proved his points, it remained for Kepler, Galileo, and Newton to give a complete explanation of the movements of heavenly bodies and the reasons for these movements.

Copernicus did not live to feel the persecution that was heaped on those who adhered to his teachings. After thirty-six years of study he wrote his life's thesis entitled *De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium* which he dedicated to the Pope. The expense of printing the book was paid by a Cardinal. The first printed copy of the book came to him just a few hours before his death, enabling him to die happy in the thought that his work was finished.

The work, being dedicated to the Pope, was at first well received by the Catholics but not by the Protestants. Martin Luther denounced the author as "an arrogant fool who wrote in defiance of scripture." Later, even the Catholics denounced the teachings as heresy and persecuted all who adhered to them. That Copernicus expected criticism is shown from the following statement in the dedication:

"If there be some babblers who, through ignorance of all mathematics, take upon them to judge of these things and dare to blame and cavil at my work, because of some passage of scripture which they have wrested to their own purpose, I regard them not, and will not scruple to hold their judgment in contempt."

In brief, the life work of Copernicus was to place the sun in its true place as the center of the solar system, instead of the earth, and to greatly simplify by this one step the theory of planetary motion. There are many defects in his system; but as one biographer said: "His chief merit is that he dared to look at facts of nature with his own eyes, unhampered by the prejudice of centuries. A system venerable with age, and supported by great names, was universally believed, and had been believed for centuries. To doubt this system and to seek after a better one at a time when all men's minds were governed by tradition—this required a great mind and a high character. Such a mind and such a character had this monk of Frauenburg."



# The Saint's Tragedy

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By Alfred Lambourne

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She *was* a saint. If she were *not* then there *are* none. By the word saint I do not mean a chaste, cold, classic being like the lily-browed one—she who was called The Saint of the Stage. No, I mean, rather, a saint, saintly because she was so gentle, so loving, so thoughtful of others, so unselfishly good. Before me lies a faded photograph. How sweet that face! Indeed, you were a saint! Why did sorrow come to you? “A kitchen-wench! a slop! a dish-rag!” So the irate father addressed her. It was distressing to hear and to witness. Had she not done her best? How could he speak thus? Yet, as she came from the stage to the wings, so he spoke. “A kitchen-wench! a slop! a dish-rag!” Such words to the one being whom he loved the most of all things in this world! And she, inert, unresenting, shed floods of tears; she spoke not back a word. Yes, it was distressing both to hear and to witness. But then! The exacting father was a genius, a great artist. Yet; could he not see? How difficult it was for the daughter to “play-up” in her part to him. And she strove so hard; O, so very hard! Why we came nearly to breaking an admonition of the Scriptures and calling the great actor a fool. But he suffered his trials, too. The truth was, the one of genius longed for his daughter to be the same. Yet, we repeat, could he not see? That gentle creature was the more created to love than to act; more for love than for art and ambition. Why was the father so blind? Genius, O the wondrous gift! But love, is it not divine? Genius possesses the will, the concentration to lose itself in art. Not so love, that is made of less ambitious, less inexorable stuff. One must admire Genius; but we must love Love. His actress daughter, too, might soon slip away; yes, both from the stage and from him. That carnation upon the cheek, that bright fire in her eyes, they did not come from ambition, nor from youth alone. It was the first stage of consumption, the consuming fever which began to burn in her veins.

Yes, actors and actresses are temperamental. Sometimes, often, they possess two gifts—the temperamental *and* temper. One might name those of the highest genius. There was the divine—but names must not be mentioned outside the Play-

House walls. The comedian is often as irascible as his tragic brother. I remember two. What refinement, what luxury of temper was theirs! What masters of laughing yet bitter sarcasm they were! O, *par excellence!* These two actresses we must not name—the one, how beautiful! The other, what genius! And then the tragedians of the old school—I can yet hear the raging of a sham Henry V. And, by the way, that beautiful actress who played to the life, the submissive, the down-trodden Nancy Sykes, and the other, the wonderful German, made the amorous Mary Stewart to live again. But that is neither here nor there. What tempers, we say! *Sub rosa*—was there not once a pitched battle on the Play-House stage? No, not when the audience was in the seats, but when there was only an audience of one! Then what tears of rage, what words uttered, hissed, we should say! What disheveled hair and nail-torn flesh! And yet these two actresses were women of genius. Only they were temperamental, *with* the gift of temper. Then there was another—ah, Daughter of Fame! “Owing to the indisposition of Miss ———, there will be no performance in the theatre tonight.” Owing to the *ungovernable temper*, the placard should have said. So the enraged Semiramus, Cleopatra or even goddess Zuno might have been. It was worth the while to have seen a bill presented for endorsement to the great J—k. It was before the rise of the curtain and—horrors!—there was a poor “house.” Never did the terrible Tragedienne append her name to any stage document—death-warrant, or what not—with more tragic fury. Dashed, that is the word, she dashed her wonderful and masculine autograph to that unwelcome bill. In the action, too, there was wonder, pathos, virtuous indignation. Money! She made one feel that he had reached the very depths of degradation. Tempers, indeed? And that petted comedienne—she, the syllables of whose *non de plume* were as soft as the notes of a bulbul—did she not flash out a gold-embossed, be-jeweled little revolver and put the stage-hands to rout? Tempers? And yet what were any of these, of actor or actress, compared to the father of the gentle saint? With what a practiced ease he could run the gamut, the scale of vituperation! O, he was the past-grand master in the art of expletives! And yet? Grand old man—we all loved him. Truly he could wither one up; when in his moods, reduce one’s thought to chaos. Only there was no blasphemy in his words, his anger was just a necessary outpouring of the volcanic fires of the soul. Strange as it may seem to relate, there were those of strong nerves—who actually enjoyed the sensation—we mean when he fell in wrath upon them. And how graciously he could make amends.

And so to that frail and trembling daughter: “There, there!

Now, my dear. There, there! Don't notice me, my girl!" And once he was heard to add, "There was a letter this morning, Pet." But always it was: "There, there! You will forgive your poor old father?"

And always, forgive him she did.

"There was a letter this morning, Pet." Perhaps in that sentence there lay a secret. We will not probe to read it. But the man of genius became more irascible day by day. Woe to the actor or theatre-attache who was unfortunate enough to arouse that wrath when "There was a letter this morning, Pet." He was the fear, the tyrant of the stage. How to perfection, in what modulated tones of voice, he "roasted" the "property-man." And for what? The picture on the stage wall should have been that of Beethoven. And what was it? That caricature, that abortion, to insult the immortal Beethoven? By heavens! Where was the man who painted it? Who had dared to place it upon the wall? But neither of the men were anywhere to be found. With that impotent, suppressed fury, shone the old actor's eyes when, as Louis XI, and in one of his greatest stage scenes, he sought to display to his intimidators the treasures in the vault of France—the "property-man" had forgotten to place them there. And how he raged when, on another occasion, the prompter in his box mistook his cue and rang down the curtain a trifle too soon and thereby "killed" the climax of an act. Those were times! Did he not once anathemize the Play-House itself? Aye! Its walls, its roof, its stage; yes, each rock, each adobe it contained and the masons who laid them; and the timbers too, and the carpenters who placed them. Aye, even the very nails.

Could it have been that once he went too far? Was the pain, for once, even more than the saint could withstand?

It was the old actor's birthday. He had reached man's allotted days of three score years and ten. There was to be at his expense "a spread" in the theatre Green-Room. That night he would play the host and be twice a king. For the men, good old English style, bread and cheese and beer. And for the ladies—well? How the happy, the dear actor's face would beam! What anecdotes he would relate! His eyes would glow with kindness, his manner would be that of the urbane patronage of the aged, the famous, the great. Each word of his rich-toned voice would be at once both a condescension and a caress. Actor, actress, stage-hand, doorkeeper, "supe," all would share in his smile. But—alas! The birthday night was an anti-success. There was gloom. From the rise of the curtain there

had been mishaps, the scenes had gone wrong, the daughter had "lagged." It was a task for the great actor to "pull the play through." Yes, there was gloom, a threatening gloom. Every-one suspected; it must have been: "There was a letter this morning, Pet." A storm was like to break.

And break it did. The climax came at the end of the principal scene. The father was still great, but the daughter had failed. A shame, a disgrace! a crime! S-death! The audience—Philistines! The Company—asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran! What did she, the daughter, mean? She had made her father a laughing-stock; she had sold him cheap among a lot of imbeciles. Drivel! A puppet might have done better. Did she call that acting? Acting, indeed! He was ashamed. Acting? Ha! ha! Why, he might have tied a costume upon a post and it would have served him better. Acting? Well, well, well! An inanimate stick! And so he fumed, and no one interfered.

Would it not all end, as his paroxysms always did? There would be a handshaking all around. The great actor would heap terms of endearment upon the now cowering and weeping daughter. And this night, the birthday night, there would be "the spread" in the Green-Room. Before then she would forgive "your poor old father," and all would be well.

But not this time. Was it that in the saint's heart some love-cord had snapped? Ah! for once he had been too severe. There was an imputation in his words. All too plainly the daughter had gathered the truth. She was a disappointment to her genius father. In silence they had left the Play-House.

There must have been something particularly irritating to the old actor, in the letter which arrived on the birthday morning. However that may have been, yet soon after the actor departed, and somehow or other it became known, on a painful errand. But the daughter did not go, and we wondered why? No, she remained and no one knew why she did not go. It is not for us to ask. What all would have liked to know was this: had there been a reconciliation? O, they must not have parted in anger! And yet, the father had gone and it was noticed that he had set forth with sullen brows.

And weeks fled and the father did not return. The daughter's letters were post-marked across the seas. But some day he would come—that was always the daughter's answer. Yet she herself became more restless, her face was more pale from day to day. More pale, that is, save for two hectic spots that burned upon her cheeks. The disease had gripped her close at last! "O, I have died so often," she spoke, as wearily upon the



pillows she sank her head, "so often upon the stage. But this is so different now. How strange it is to die!" Yet the father never came. That is, while the daughter lived. Never for one moment do we believe that through a fault of his he was delayed. "I wish that he would come!" Rapidly, so rapidly she failed. Soon she was gone. No more scoldings now; no more reconciliations! No more scenes in the side-wings or in the Green-room. No more striving for art; no more disappointments to her genius father! Only the rest; the peace that comes with death.

It is a beautiful and secluded spot. We mean in the cemetery where the gentle saint lies buried. The ornamental shrubs with their clusters of bloom, the stiffly-fronded evergreens, and the pendant branches of willows, make it sweetly, yet richly, solemn. Once, once only, a man knelt there. It was an actor, a man of genius, and his hair was white as snow. In their day he and his daughter had made thousands weep, and now he wept for her. Ah, my reader, picture him kneeling there; imagine his aching heart. Yet picture this, imagine this, too, I ask thee. In the evening light, as the monuments and headstones of granite and polished marble gleamed amid the shrubbery and trees, as the white-head of the actor was bared, imagine a face above him. O imagine a dimly seen face in which there were eyes filled with a holy compassion, and lips which moved in words of love—

This there *must* have been or the gentle, dead actress was *not* a saint.

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## Coming Spring

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(Selected)

Ice is marching down the river, gaily out to sea!  
Sunbeams o'er the snow-hills quiver, setting torrents free!

Yellow are the water-willows, yellow clouds are they,  
Rising where the laden billows swell along their way!

Arrows of the sun are flying! winter flees the light,  
And his chilly horn is sighing all the moisty night!

Lovers of the balmy weather, lovers of the sun!  
Drifts and duty melt together—get your labors done!

Ice is marching down the river, gaily out to sea!  
Sing the healthy-hearted ever, spring is liberty!

Max Eastman

# God's Foreknowledge Not a Determining Cause

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By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

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[*Note:* This article is one of the late numbers of a series of fifty-two, which have been published in many of the great and influential newspapers of the country during 1917. In some of the papers the articles ran through the entire year, and in others they are still in course of publication. Among the journals through which the teachings of the Gospel have thus been spread broadcast are *Boston Herald*, *New York World*, *Philadelphia Record*, *Kansas City Journal*, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, *Atlanta Constitution*, *Washington Herald*, *New Haven Times-Leader*, *Hannibal Morning Journal*, *Joplin News Herald*, *Portland Oregonian*, *San Francisco Chronicle*. Dr. Talmage's articles will continue to appear in all the foregoing papers in 1918, and with the beginning of the new year the *New York Evening Telegram*, *Florida Times Union*, *Chattanooga Times*, and other journals have been added to the list. A second series of articles was begun with 1918; which series it is hoped will continue throughout the year. Copies of these articles printed weekly aggregate over a million and a half.]

Prophecy is one of the specified gifts of the Spirit, and one of the distinguishing graces of the Church of Christ. If there be prophecy there must be prophets, men through whom the purposes of God are made known to the people at large. Prediction of events more or less remotely future is a prophetic function, though constituting but part of the gift of prophecy.

Divine revelation of what is to come is proof of foreknowledge. God, therefore, knows, and has known from the beginning, what shall be, even to the end of the world. The transgression of Adam was foreknown, even before the man was embodied in flesh; and because of the results entailed upon human-kind a Redeemer was chosen, even "*the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.*" The earthly life, ministry, and sacrificial death of the Savior were all foreseen, and their certainty was declared by the mouths of holy prophets.

The apostasy of the Primitive Church, the long centuries of spiritual darkness, the restoration of the Gospel in these latter days in a land specifically prepared as the abode of a liberty-loving nation—each of these epoch-marking events was known to God, and by Him was revealed through prophets empowered to speak in His name.

But who will venture to affirm that foreknowledge is a determining cause? God's omniscience concerning Adam cannot reasonably be considered the cause of the Fall. Adam was free

to do as he chose to do. God did not force him to disobey the Divine command. Neither did God's knowledge compel false Judas to betray the Christ, nor the recreant Jews to crucify their Lord.

Surely the omniscience of God does not operate to make of men automatons, nor does it warrant the superstition of fatalism. The chief purpose of earth life, as a stage in the course of the soul's progression, would be nullified if man's agency was after all but a pretense, and he a creature of circumstance compelled to do as he does.

A mortal father who knows the weaknesses and frailties of his son may by reason of that knowledge sorrowfully predict the calamities and suffering awaiting his wayward boy. He may foresee in that son's future a forfeiture of blessings that could be won, loss of position, self-respect, reputation, character, and honor. Even the dark shadows of a felon's cell and the night of a drunkard's grave may loom in the visions of that fond father's soul. Yet, convinced by experience of the son's determination to follow the path of sin, he foresees the dread developments of the future, and writhes in anguish because of his knowledge.

Can it be truthfully said that the father's foreknowledge is even a contributory cause of the evil life of his boy? To so hold is to say that a neglectful parent, who will not trouble himself to study the character of his son, who shuts his eyes to sinful ways, and rests in careless indifference as to the probable future, will by his very heartlessness benefit the boy, because the father's lack of forethought diminishes the son's tendency toward dereliction.

By way of further illustration, consider the man versed in meteorology, who by due consideration of temperature, air-pressure, humidity, and other essential data, is able to forecast weather conditions. He speaks with the assurance of long experience in foretelling a storm. The storm comes, bringing benefit or injury, contributing to the harvest perhaps or destroying the ripening grain; but, whether it be of good or ill effect, can he who prophesied of the approaching storm be held accountable for its coming?

It may be argued, however, that in these illustrative instances neither the mortal parent nor the human forecaster had power to alter the respective course of events, while God can direct and over-rule as He wills. But, be it remembered that God has granted agency unto His children, and does not control them in its exercise by arbitrary force. He impels no man toward sin; He compels none to righteousness.

The Father of our spirits has a full knowledge of the nature

and disposition of each of His children, a knowledge gained by observation and experience in the long ages of our primeval childhood, when we existed as unembodied spirits, endowed with individuality and agency—a knowledge compared with which that gained by earthly parents through experience with their children in the flesh is infinitesimally small. In that surpassing knowledge God reads the future of child and children, of men individually and of men collectively. He knows what each will do under given conditions, and sees the end from the beginning. His foreknowledge is based on intelligence and reason. He foresees the future of men and nations as a state that naturally and surely will be; not as a state of things that must be because He has arbitrarily willed that it shall be.

*“Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world”* (Acts 15:18).

He willed and decreed the mortal state for His spirit offspring, and prepared the earth for their schooling. He provided all the facilities necessary to their training, and thus proclaimed His purpose:

*“For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man”* (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39).

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## The Grace of Power to Give

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Now, while we stand on Freedom's soil,  
Inhaling Freedom's air,  
Be this the burden of our song,  
Our morn and evening prayer:

O gracious Giver of our land,  
May we who in it live  
Be grateful now for this best gift,  
The Grace of Power to Give.

Great time, great place, great circumstance,  
To open wide the heart,  
To grow like Him who gave his all,  
By giving now our part.

To fast betimes, with bread at hand,  
And feed the hungry throng,  
Of fragments make a plenitude,  
In sacrifice be strong.

George H. Brimhall.



# Problems of the Age

Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their  
Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes  
of the Melchizedek Priesthood

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By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

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## VII.—A Real Danger to the Middle Class

*Growth.*—In general terms the middle class may be said to occupy a position somewhere along the line between the producer and consumer. They consist of distributors, such as merchants and other agencies—who take from the producer and hand to the consumer, and in turn become a part of the class of consumers. Within the bounds of their legitimate calling they are benefactors to all industrial life. They are common carriers and distributors that make it possible for all the world to enjoy the products created or grown in every part of the earth. Modern commerce is a comparatively new field of human endeavor. It has for centuries been a sparsely occupied field. It has grown rapidly within the past few decades, and is therefore today full of adventure and of reward. It has called for men of superior talents, and has invited them from all ranks of life. Like other new fields of enterprise, it has been both novel and remunerative. There is no field of exploit so fascinating and paying as that of humanity. Out of it myriads of fortunes have been accumulated, and it is the most attractive of all adventures. The result is that millions have flocked to it, and incurred the danger of tipping one end of the balance board into the stream. At times very large numbers of them may be carried down stream or drowned. Nothing seems more certain at the present juncture of human life than that the middle class, so called, is altogether beyond the needs of industrial life, and that its massed formation will make it all the better target for the new machine guns that are sure to be turned on it by the present and coming changes in organized industry.

The same inequality in industrial life has more than once in the history of mankind proved disastrous to national well-being. Examine for a moment the present movement of life into the great cities, where men and women find employment in occupations that are ephemeral, that is, in those whose chief business it is to produce luxuries and amusements not necessary for the support of mankind. Take as examples automobiles, movies, and every conceivable form of amusement. Profitable they may be in prosperous times, but such employment is the first to go down in every industrial crisis. Luxuries must go. The pinch of the rising cost of living, and the dangers of financial panics may at any time reduce millions to a state of starvation. The panics of the future will not be what those of the past have been. Food and clothing are higher, and the numbers of those outside productive life are so much greater, that a serious disturbance in the industrial world would create a social havoc wholly unknown to history. The siren of false business principles is luring thousands into the danger zone. What is not done by adventurous business methods to entice men and women away from safe conditions of existence, is done by our state and national legislative bodies that are creating boards and commissions galore to meet the demands of those who are chiefly exploiters of human-

ity. It would be a hopeless task to tabulate the appendages to the industrial life of our nation. When men cannot find legislative aid they organize clubs and societies that are today really becoming a burden to the producer and consumer. It is sometimes called a "speculative life." It is speculative, for no one can even guess the dangers it carries with it.

*Ethical Conditions.*—Aside from its dangers, there are ethical reasons why such a life is disturbing to the welfare of society. Nothing does more to create discontent and disappointment than speculation. Those who fail despair and make for anarchy. Those who succeed, plunge into extravagances which in turn lead to physical and moral destruction. The spirit of our modern world is largely that of the gambler. "I'm going to take my chances" is the announcement before a leap into the unknown regions of disaster whichever way the chances go. No man can afford to take chances that have more temptation to vice than he can endure. To fully one-half which thus take chances there comes the misery of envy and despair.

*Satisfaction in Production.*—There is not the satisfaction in speculation that there is in production. The gains of contentment in the latter are immeasurably greater than they are in the former. The mental anxiety over the outcome of production and markets when judicious labor is expended, is incomparably preferable to the anxiety of a pure game of chance. There is a solid satisfaction in the thought that you have helped others that is not found in the all-too-prevalent fact that you have "done" others.

He who raises enough grain to feed a hundred others besides his own family, contributes really as much to his own happiness as he does to the welfare of society. Such is the ethical side of productive life.

*Physical Enjoyment.*—Nothing need be said of physical enjoyment. I know a man who said that the happiest experience of his life was when he sat by the warm fire of a friend's home in Sterling, Canada, after days of great activity and exposure with sheep, when the thermometer registered often 30 degrees below zero. It was the pleasure that comes from the rebound of physical activity and hardship to rest and comfort. Rob man of physical rest and recuperation by a life of physical ease and indulgence, and you rob him of the ability to enjoy the blessings of his existence. A world upside down is sure to be snagged.

*Warnings.*—How do we know that the middle class is upsetting the balance of a safe social and industrial condition? We have symptoms enough to warn us of the disease. There is the higher cost of living, there is an increase of vices which an over-crowded middle class always produces, and lastly, we have the disease itself in the most violent form. War has always been the selfish determination of one or more nations of the world to exploit humanity. The soldiers of Europe are the most numerous of all its middle classes.

The worst aspect of this class is its drift away from religion. It may not be universal, but it is general. There is less religion in the city than on the farm; there is less religion in speculation than there is in the factory. Work is an essential part of religion, even physical work. That explains why among the Latter-day Saints men of affairs are chosen to so many places of ecclesiastical offices. Members of the Twelve are given opportunity, after their spiritual labors, to recuperate in some form of activity. They urge an active, not a restful, life. Mental action is not sufficient to obtain the best results, and many Church authorities engage in out-door life in one form or another. "Home industry" has been the keynote of life and labor among the Saints, and they have been warned frequently against the evils and dangers that follow those who shirk toil.

*From Producer to Consumer.*—What are the dangers to the middle class in the United States today? There is now on foot a movement which is rapidly increasing; it is the slogan, "From the producer direct to the consumer." Its dangers to the distributors of the middle class are minimized by those it is most likely to affect. It began by the enactment of the parcel post system, which for some unaccountable reason did not make a monopoly of it. The government could handle all the business cheaper and more effectively than it now handles the part of it which the express companies have been allowed to retain. There is certain to be a strong movement in favor of the government's exclusive control and an extension of the system that will make the government the greatest business institution in the United States. There is further a restive spirit against overloading the producer and consumer with any heavier demand from the middle class. Until recently the producer felt most the weight of this load. Men and women were leaving the farm for city life, not factory life, and labor became a menacing problem. The increase by our agricultural colleges of men whose business it has become to tell the farmer how to do rather than to do themselves, is a striking illustration of a tendency to ally education with the middle man rather than with the producer. Indeed, that is the tendency of all our education. It is making that class of society most popular. In the factories, the work is done largely by foreigners. The recruits to the industrial life of the nation are not supported by the ideals and aims of modern education in the United States as they should be. Years of experience in education convinced the writer that nearly all educational talks were about ideals, aims, and ambitions, rather than about work, duty, and industrial life. The professional side of education has almost obliterated its industrial side, notwithstanding that we putter a little with manual training. The enticing influence of education is leading the great army of school men into city life. How large an army of this middle class the producer and consumer can support is of course a question, but that the load is sure to bring a break-down, no thoughtful person can deny. A newspaper in Lethbridge, Canada, published an account of a man who bought a barrel of apples in which he found the following card: "I sold this barrel of apples for 90c; what did you pay?" The purchaser paid \$5.75. The high cost of living is the most vital issue in the world today. What has caused it? The most potent of all causes has been the unparalleled increase of the middle class and the corresponding decrease of producers, especially in agriculture, animal husbandry, and fruit growing. To add to the danger of the situation, there is a growing antagonism toward those who have imposed themselves by various agencies upon both the producer and the consumer. Government intervention has resulted, and it is not likely to be wholly vacated after the war.

*Dangers of Anarchy.*—The middle class has heretofore been a great bulwark against anarchy. It has usually been well fed and cared for. Let us suppose a violent suppression of this class through famine or a financial collapse—something easily imagined. Famine and its consequent sufferings know no law. This preponderating class is growing, therefore, dangerously large. It cannot be easily provided for, and any movement to disperse it would be deeply resented. How can such a large mass be provided for in case of a dispersion? Other forms of life would be distasteful, and whatever forced them away from their present pursuits would engender hatred of a most violent form. Hatred is the stuff from which wars and anarchy are made. Men are often the creatures of circumstances over which they have no control. The world has ceased to be merely drifting: it is at sea, and without a safeguard, or rudder. Confusion has laid its perilous hands upon the political and social life of the world. President Wilson has said that "the world must be made safe for democracy;" and Governor McCall of Massachusetts has added that "democracy must be made safe for the



world." Can there be a godless democracy? The world long will be forced to seek a solution of conditions that are so full of danger and disaster to the welfare and happiness of mankind. All sorts of remedies will be sought; but outside of religion, they will never be found.

*Revelation*.—"Behold, I sent you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned, to warn his neighbor" (Doc. and Cov. 88:81).

### *VIII—Value of Child Life.*

*Purity of the Race.*—There is nothing in the crumbling processes of our modern civilization more menacing to our future welfare and happiness than the curtailment of child life. Thoughtful men and women begin already to appreciate the dangers which beset us from this source. They are making every effort to conserve human life, but at best they are dealing only with remedies, and are not grappling with the dangers at the seat of this world-wide disease. Public men are appealing to the men and women of the world to spare the nations of Christendom the calamity of self-extinction. Of all questions which beset mankind today, there is not one whose ramifications go into every phase of life like that of child-birth. Neither is it a matter of will, for we are solemnly warned that evil conditions have so crept into the lives of our youth that the absence of child life cannot be avoided.

*The Revelation of Evils.*—The determination which a very large class of the people of the world have manifested against any further increase of child life reveals a multitude of evils that are a danger to the morals of the world. There is now going on throughout the United States a campaign among women against the so-called "double standard," by which is meant that men may be forgiven the excesses of youth, that their sins may be winked at, and that they may be permitted to assume the solemn duties of husband, and it may be, of father. When the women were charged with wilful barrenness, they were quick to retort, in perhaps most instances, that the charge was false, and refused to permit the accusation to be laid at their door. They began then a campaign in the legislatures of the different states of the Union to compel men, through doctors' certificates, to establish their fitness for married life. While they have had some measure of success, as a rule their campaign has not been successful.

*A Dangerous Situation.*—If it be true, as is frequently charged by medical science through certain publications, that the question of parentage with a large percentage of our men is not at all a question of willingness, but one of ability: when the young manhood of our nation reaches such a state of degradation, the revelation is most appalling, and the hope of the future posterity is indeed small. Again, it is declared that in a large number of instances the danger of birth is more alarming than its absence, because so many children are born into the world with physical inheritances that wholly unfit them for the responsibilities of life. It is the sacred right of children to be born physically, mentally, and morally right. If the vices of the fathers entail upon our children the dangers and sufferings of sin, every effort should be made to eradicate them. The double standard is said to be the fixed rule in life, but it is not true among Latter-day Saints. Upon men there is put the same accountability as that which rests upon women. If, indeed, there is a difference, it stands against the man, whose mission in life is to protect by every means the daughters of Eve.

*National Calamities.*—Already France has reached a stage where the death rate is in excess of the birth rate. In Germany publicists are sounding a note of warning against conditions which threaten there to become as menacing as they are in France. The present war is much more likely to increase this menace to the race than it is to improve it. Even though future wars may not be immediate, and the peace of the world may not be



threatened for generations, child-bearing will be refused on the ground that parents do not care to produce "fodder for the cannon" of those who are ambitious for war. There have been serious economic objections against child-life, and now new objections will be furnished by the destruction of the youth, the strongest and best in the manhood of nations.

*Value of Children.*—What is likely to be the result of this menace to our national life? In the first place, the birth of a million children has in it more potential value than all the billions of dollars that come from our fields, and we might include in that all the wealth that comes in a single year from our mines. We have never fully realized the value of an increasing population. If our population begins rapidly to decrease, our workshops will be empty, our railroads will be without patronage. The doors of our factories will be closed; and what will be more trouble, there will be a stagnant condition of life that forebodes decay and destruction. A decreasing population is a sure sign of increasing decay. The spirit of abandonment is the spirit of defeat. Men lose their courage, women their fortitude, and they settle down in a spirit of the fatalist, whose demoralizing life is reflected too much among Asiatics, in whom there is no ambition to advancement. Furthermore, by the abandonment of children, our lives are cut in two, so far as our ambitions and struggles to promote ourselves in life go. Men forty-five and fifty are in the zenith of their power. At that age they are able to take a survey of practically all that they have to hope for in life. At that age their ambition comes generally to a standstill. If there are no children to whom their ambitions may be transferred, they are without hope.

Australia allows by law \$25.00 to the mother of every child born to her without making inquiry into its parental origin. Other countries make provisions for the expenses of child-birth because they have learned the value of child life. The United States has in the past been supplied with population largely by immigration; and yet different states make provisions for the expenses of childhood.

Ruskin beautifully declares that "There is no wealth but life—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest, who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influences, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others." The wealth that comes from the veins of human life is purple. It is not the yellow of gold, a dross in comparison.

*After the War*, that ever-recurring phrase, human life will be more valuable than ever. How little value the nations have put upon childbirth! It is the old story of a buried talent, which the calamities of war is taking away from us. It is the taking away of even that which we have. Are the Latter-day Saints becoming tinctured with the fatal philosophy that they cannot afford life? Do they argue the "higher cost"? If so, they, too, may experience the "taking away." Whatever is a talent we ought not to bury; but the world is the grave-yard of buried talents. "But," it is asked, "what is the remedy for the 'higher cost'?" Faith. If we lose faith in God we shall also lose faith in his creations and in his law. The pressure, we say, is awful, but all life is born and continues under pressure. We are not safe without pressure; it is the law of our being. Escape from it does not bring relief. The trouble is not that God has placed upon us a load too heavy to bear, but we have wasted the strength that would make the burden light. Child-bearing makes a woman strong, wilful barrenness makes her weak. The latter weakens her will and robs her of her faith. The man who bears an empty case carries an empty life. "The strenuous life" makes men and women strong in purpose and valiant for the right. The objector further

reasons that a fact is a fact, that "it is a condition, not a theory which confronts us." But facts are miserable things if borne of false theories. Conditions fade in the light of faith and hope. We do not see our way through life, not even through a day of twenty-four hours, for part of it is given to darkness. The birth of children brings faith to the home. They come from a divine presence, and bring with them a love for things divine. "Blessed is he who hath his quiver full."

*Revelation.*—"Now, I the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are growing up in wickedness; they also seek not the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness" (Doc. and Cov. 68:31).

### IX—Co-operation

*Counsels of Brigham Young.*—Within the memory of many now living, it may be recalled that a strenuous effort was made in Utah to induce the people to conduct their business by co-operative methods. The writer once heard Brigham Young say to the people of Provo that the day would come when they would discover the fallacy of all their arguments in favor of competition, when the competitive methods about which people talked so much would be a burden to them. He declared that one distributive business of any kind was enough for the community; that the more the stores, the higher the prices would be; and that it was in the interest of the people to have as many as possible in some productive labor. His efforts were thwarted in time, partly by the insistence of large numbers who were determined to become merchants, and men of business in other pursuits, and partly by the miscarriage of many co-operative institutions. There was a clamor for the correction of these miscarriages in co-operation by competitive methods, rather than by the application of improved methods. In time small stores sprang up in all the communities. A half dozen or more stores took up the work of distribution where one might have sufficed. All these systems of business had to exist. For a time, no doubt, there was strenuous competition; but eventually, merchants found it more profitable to put their heavy burden upon the community at large than to carry it themselves. If they were to exist, they must come to some sort of understanding. Gradually they formed business men's associations, where they regulated prices. Whenever a new man entered their ranks, there was but one or two courses to pursue. Either one of them must drop out, or prices must be raised to support them all. In bad times there were failures, but to protect themselves against failure it was necessary to raise prices again.

There can be no doubt that constantly rising prices were due in part to the growing and necessary cost of distribution.

Today there is a widespread discontent against the rising costs of living, and a considerable amount of suffering as a consequence. For a time the burden of these excessive costs fell upon the producer. Goods had to be bought as cheaply as possible, and they were cheap because production was large, in consequence of a considerable preponderance of farmers and manufacturers. Cheap production meant cheap labor, and men soon found that they could earn more in the ranks of those who distributed than in those of the producer. Labor unions began to force prices of labor up in manufacturing centers, but there were no unions among farmers. That meant that the higher prices for labor in the cities took men away from the farms. Farm products and live stock suffered. Wheat growing on a commercial scale began in later years to contract, as the prices for labor on the farm made large wheat farms unprofitable. Farmers soon began to reason that a general movement to raise less was more profitable, for the less raised, the higher the prices. There began an almost

universal cry for mixed farming. That meant stockraising and dairying; it also meant less wheat. The higher cost of wheat is not merely a result of the war. Nor is the recent decline in amount of wheat raised due entirely to adverse conditions, such as draught and wheat insects.

*Commercial System.*—Speculators have combined to force down prices at harvest time and to raise them when the wheat was bought up. Loans were all on short-time notes on which bankers could enforce payment. "I say so," they said; "we will renew the loan." I have known stock buyers to go to a bank and make arrangements with the manager to buy a certain man's livestock. What the manager was to get out of the transaction could, of course, not be known. He telephoned the stockman that his note was due and must be paid. "But I have not yet sold, I have plenty of feed to keep my stock over for months; and besides, prices are down just now," came the reply from the stockman. The manager informed him that there was a buyer in town, and that he *must* sell. There was no alternative, and the buyer secured a cheap bunch of stock. Such methods, of course, in time resulted in loss of business to the bank by a restriction of business, or by the transfer of it to another bank, which did not make conditions much better. By combination they keep a uniform rate of interest and competition among them is practically unknown. The live stock was cheaper, but the packers' products remained the same.

*Illustrations.*—Alberta is one of the best barley countries in the world. From this feed, millions of hogs could be fattened and yet today there are comparatively few hogs fattened for market in the Province. In 1914 the farmers were under full swing in the production of hogs. It was a dry year and feed was high, but hundreds of thousands of hogs were fitted for market. When they are ready they must be sold, as it would be a loss to hold them longer. The packers saw their opportunity to get them "dirt" cheap. They dropped prices to four cents a pound. That was an enormous loss to farmers, but they had to sell. They were disgusted, but they "took their medicine" and unloaded, breeding-stock and all. The packers sent an agent out to beg the farmers not to sell their brood sows, but to no purpose. They were done with a business whose control was in the hands of a few men who might ruin the farmers whenever they saw fit. The business was practically killed. It will be slow to revive. Did the packers bring down their products? Not a cent. Their fortunes are mounting into the millions. Yet their agents pull long and painful faces when they tell of the great chances they are taking, and how their company "lost last year." The shrinkage in production is bringing prices to a higher level, and the consumer must suffer with the producer.

*Co-operation.*—What's the remedy? That's a question. It is certainly not competition. Is it co-operation? Perhaps so, but it will be an enforced co-operation by the Province regulating the business through provincial or municipal agencies. The important co-operation may be between the producer and consumer through the agencies of the state. Market slumps in the products of the farm and ranch are the bane of life in these industries. A monopoly in them is impossible, as in certain manufacturing products, where combination is comparatively easy. As a war measure, price-fixing has been established in the interests of the producer and consumer. The principle will not likely end with the war. Conditions have greatly changed within the past few years, and what has been found to be in the interest of the people, the people will insist shall continue.

Denmark is the most highly organized country in the world in her agricultural and live stock industries. Co-operative methods there are fostered and practiced by the government. The fixation of prices is there considered absolutely necessary to the country's success. A few years ago



the Hollanders controlled largely the English market in butter and cheese. They were driven from that market by the Danes, whose co-operative method of buying and selling made it impossible for Hollanders longer to hold what they had gained. The Danes so standardized their products through government regulation that the chances of the Hollanders' winning back what they had lost is quite unlikely. They naturally turned to Germany for a new market. To keep up a maximum of production, it was necessary to stabilize prices. A careful study of market conditions is made, and the price fixed by law. Any one within the country who does not sell at the established prices is fined heavily.

*Dangers.*—When the pinch is felt in the United States, as it is at present felt in some European countries, our government will intervene by law to stabilize certain industries which need fixed prices, in the interest of the consumer. Farmers and ranchers are becoming more independent, and will doubtless hold their products for a considerable length of time to secure what they consider a fair remuneration. They must demand more if they are to meet the higher cost of maintaining expenses on the farm and ranch. The United States has reached a place where it will require all the wheat raised in normal years to feed its own population. The loss of population to Europe will undoubtedly lessen consumption there, but laborers will be fewer and there will be also an increased demand for labor to rehabilitate all the countries of Europe after the war. Foreign trade will be sought in order to win back the losses in gold. Manufacture will increase rapidly and consume more labor. New complications will arise, whose adjustment cannot easily be foreseen. The intervention of government in all industrial life will be very different from what it has ever been, and a multitude of problems will arise to tax the new industrial age. Co-operation will come more and more into practice, and with the new changes there will come a great danger to the so-called middle classes, who are likely to be scattered into various industrial pursuits.

After all, it is a question of brotherhood. That is fundamental in business life as it is in religious life. Co-operation fosters brotherhood, competition endangers it. Every phase of life brings us face to face with the very thing the world needs most—*religion*.

*Revelation.*—"It is wisdom in me; therefore, a commandment I give unto you, that ye organize yourselves and appoint every man his stewardship.

"That every man may give an account unto me of his stewardship which is appointed unto him;

"Therefore if a man take of the abundance which I have made, and impart not his portion, according to the law of my gospel, unto the poor and the needy, he shall, with the wicked, lift up his eyes in hell, being in torment" (Doc. and Cov. 104:11, 12, 18).

#### *X—Extravagance*

*Luxury Rampant.*—There is serious danger ahead, greater than that which the world is now confronting, from the extravagance of war,—for of all forms of extravagance, war is the worst. Nations are wasting life by the millions and property by the billions. Minor extravagances lead to major ones. We may not think of war as a result of extravagance, but indirectly it is. Waste and greed are twin brothers. To spend becomes a passion. People love to buy, not always because they are in need, but because shopping is a pleasant pastime. Of course, bills must be paid, money must be had, honorably if possible, but it must be had.

Are we living beyond our means? Are we borrowing to support luxury and waste? Do we eat too much? Do we eat food that is costly when cheaper and simpler food would do as well, perhaps better? It is some-



times said that France could live on what the United States throws away. Dr. Rutherford, one of the most eminent authorities on food in the world, recently said at a meeting in Calgary, as reported in the *Herald* of that city, September 20, 1917:

"No one would know Canada was at war, except for the wounded soldiers on the streets. When one sees extravagance and waste constantly going on; buying of motor cars and silly raiment; oceans of gasoline used up, one begins to wonder what kind of a people we are, after all. We will have to help the mother country. It seems about time we woke up and took a tighter hold of our belts.

"Food has been shut off from Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria, while Australia and India are too far away to be of much use. The requirements of the allies is 450,000,000 bushels, while the amount available for export is 30,000,000.

"There is a decrease in meat producing in the world. There are 28,080,000 less cattle in the countries of the allies since the war began and 54,050,000 less sheep and 32,050,000 fewer number of hogs. During the year ending June 30, 1916, the United States exported 1,339,193,000 pounds of meat, as compared with the average amount before the war of 493,848,000 pounds.

"There are two phases, one the conservation of food, and the other the elimination of food. The waste of food in the garbage pails and so on in the United States is estimated by their food controller to be 700,000,000 pounds, while the waste of good food in Canada, according to Food Controller Hanna, is 50,000,000 pounds. We must take a different course from that which we have followed in the past. We must do something to make a change of heart in the people of Canada. We can regulate public eating houses, but we cannot go into the kitchens of private people, and they must be appealed to in the right way."

The garbage pail is, after all, a small item in our waste when compared with a mass of luxuries that people could live easily without. We invent more extravagances than we do useful machinery. It is often said that making business out of pleasure is more profitable than that which comes from the necessities of life.

**Brother's Keeper.**—"We don't care; it is our money, and we shall spend it as we like." Nothing is more sinister in this age than the example of those who have wholly divorced themselves from all thought of duty and helpfulness to others. The most sinful phase of waste is that it puts a burden upon others. We are all creatures of imitation, and the imitation that most influences us is toward that which leads to extravagance. Every man and woman is under a responsibility for the burden he puts upon others by setting a pace in extravagance which they cannot follow. "Can I afford it?" is perhaps the last thing a man should ask himself. "Should I afford it?" makes him his brother's keeper. Too many of the rich not only afford it, but they flaunt it. To them there is a way of reckoning if they escape the day. Into their children's lives they instil a false and poisonous atmosphere. Often they ruin their own health and that of those whom they should protect. Extravagance is one of the cursing sins of the age. It breeds envy, creates jealousy, leads to poverty and destroys the happiness of millions. Our public buildings are loaded with mortgages, our banks are full of notes. Yet we go on as if there were no days set apart for liquidation.

**Fashions.**—No nation's bill for fashions has ever been presented. It would stagger the imagination. Beneath this load of extravagance millions of backs are bending. "What of it? One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion." Very well, it is taking millions out of the world and wounding millions more. It is the pride which comes before the fall. The papers are full of it. Here is an item from the *Chicago Tribune* of September 2, 1917:

Where the eggs go—200,000,000 a year are used by barbers and 50,000,000 by women hair-dressers. Banish the egg shampoo for the period of the war, and save 250,000,000 eggs a year. There are 300,000 barbers in America. They will average more than two eggs a day."

Could something else be used? Nothing will do that is not extravagant. The costly things of life are craved simply because they are costly.

Common observation, to say nothing of experience, will teach us the evils of waste. In the home they may be in little things. What makes the situation worse is that extravagance becomes a habit which in turn becomes an inheritance. Will there ever be an accounting? What if famine comes? How ill fit we shall be for emergencies of individual and national reverses! "Oh, well, the world has always been so," and the world has also had its days of reckoning. Have we lost our vision? Can we not see the impending dangers? We are standing with our faces to the wall. There are dangers, but as we see them they look a long way off. Many would be as blind if they were near. A London correspondent writes:

"I find the streets full of cheery faces, the theatre crowded with pleasure seekers, and everywhere the accents of an uplifting hope."

"Uplifting hope!" For what, for whom? "May as well be cheerful and hopeful as sad." We need not be either, but ought to be sober. Human suffering is past expression, human lives are going out by millions, and sorrow reddens the world as never before. It is all so "hopefully uplifting." Men are at war to redeem the world from a ruthless foe. The gay and extravagant care just about as much for the work of redemption on the battlefield as the masses in Jerusalem cared for the redemption of Christ.

*Penalties.*—All excesses pay their penalties. The law of compensation makes it so. Extravagance does not simply drift. It is always in a hurry—its friction wears life away into a premature grave. The later life which follows one of gaiety and splendor is discolored by the disappointment which vanity always brings. Is there no hope for a simple and sober ending? It is the foliage of life which most delights us, even though the foliage leaves no place for the fruit to grow.

Individual extravagance is but one phase of an insistent evil. In public life there is a similar tendency to waste. Senator Aldrich, a distinguished political economist is declared to have stated that approximately one-half of public money appropriated by Congress was extravagantly wasted. State legislatures, as well as Congress, make appropriations that a frugal system of administration in federal and state institutions do not really require. Log-rolling is the favorite method in most legislative bodies. Local appropriations are the measure of local patriotism. They are too often beyond legitimate needs. No private business could be run successfully by such wasteful methods as characterize our legislation. The "pork barrel" of Congressional fame has long been a federal scandal. Organized revolts against it are ineffectual. Our natural resources have been squandered shamefully. We are living for today with no thought of tomorrow. Talk of famine and suffering awaken little response in our national and individual lives. Wrapped in self-content, we go our way, indifferent to all danger.

Nor is the extravagance in our material lives our only vice. We are wasteful of our physical energies. Men of simple and frugal lives do not hesitate to work far beyond the limits of the strength of their bodies. They are guilty of excessively long hours. They are ambitious to achieve certain aims which they reach only at the waste of physical and mental energy. The spirit of extravagance is manifest in all world activities. It means a break-down in our universal system of waste. Conservation is the catch-word of the age, but it is more than a catch-word. We are all involved in an excessive struggle for accomplishments.

*Thoughts and Feelings.*—Extravagances in material things creates extravagance in thought and feeling. Our mental concepts become exaggerated, and the vision of life perverted. Our ideas of the world are overdrawn. We cease to see things as they are, and consequently are led into false methods of reasoning. There is a proper enjoyment of the riches of the world, and there is a hope that comes within realization when moderation is practiced. The world needs, in these fateful hours, a return to conservative living. Extremes follow one another. When we pass beyond the limits of our powers, the return to normal conditions produces disappointment and suffering. It is in order to bring the "old fog" into fashion again, the man who fears the dangers of extremes would keep within the bounds of his ability to recover himself. Individual extravagance carries with it the burden of debt and leads to bankruptcy. It creates national and state extravagance, that sometimes causes them to repudiate their obligations. The spirit of moderation, on the other hand, enables men in extreme emergencies to recover themselves. It carries with it the blessings of its own reward. Furthermore, waste begets heedlessness and makes men indifferent to correction or warning. Witness today the signal which the leading and thoughtful men of the nation are holding aloft to the people. They do not heed them; they are rushing headlong into a world of troubles that might be avoided were they not intoxicated by the spirit of excess. They will not know the truth, until the bitter realization of it brings home to them the partial, if not the full penalty of their folly. For years the Saints have been warned. Even before the war, coming calamities were foreseen, and the people were admonished to "set their houses in order" against the day of God's judgments.

*Revelation.*—"For it is expedient that I, the Lord, should make every man accountable, as stewards over earthly blessings, which I have made and proposed for my creatures" (Doc. and Cov. 104:13).

### Notice

For the convenience of those who desire to outline a schedule for the Priesthood lessons for 1918, the following titles of lessons to follow, are printed:

Lesson 11 Modern Dangers; 12 Future of the Holy Land; 13 Reactions of War Weapons upon Civil Life; 14 Intemperance; 15 Pleasure Loving Age; 16 Financial Respectability; 17 Survival of the Fittest; 18 The New Education; 19 The Home; 20 Woman's World; 21 Dependent Mothers; 22 Sexual Life; 23 Divorce; 24 Race Suicide; 25 Race Suicide (continued); 26 Music; 27 Dancing; 28 The Theatre; 29 Heredity; 30 Eugenics; 31 Back to the Land; 32 Back to the Land (continued); 33 Fast Offerings; 34 Business Life; 35 The Negro Question; 36 Manhood.

### Notice to Bishops, and Class Leaders of Priesthood Quorums

The manuals for the Teachers' Quorum on the "Life of Christ" are exhausted, and no new edition will be printed this year. Where classes are short of books, it is suggested that the bishop notify the teachers in his ward to secure from the Priests, manuals that were used in 1915.

The Committee have decided to print a pamphlet containing all the lessons of the Melchizedek Priesthood for 1918. These will be ready for distribution early in March. The lessons will continue as heretofore to be printed in the *Improvement Era* where they will appear monthly until completed. A limited number of pamphlets will be sent to the bishops in proportion to the priesthood membership in each ward.

Rudger Clawson, Chairman,  
David A. Smith, Secretary.

## Riches vs. Riches

*By Owen M. Sanderson, Bishop of the Sixth Ward, Ogden Stake*

A great and good man looking into the future and seeing the day of great prosperity said, a few years ago, "I do not fear for the poverty of this people, neither for the persecution that may come to them." Great prosperity, wealth, vanity, pride and pleasure-seeking,—with his prophetic eye he saw into the future and beheld that these causes were affecting many, so that they had not time for worship nor disposition to honor their priesthood nor keep the Sabbath day holy.

What he said is literally true, for many who have acquired wealth seem to fail in the spiritual realm of faith, hope, prayer and worship. They appear to have no time for communion, no desire to honor the priesthood, no love for the laws given by the Lord to save his children, and no time to worship God or to render service to him.

If what he said is true, we should pray that we be kept in humility, and that we may receive thankfully, distribute cheerfully, and use consistently, the money and the means that we are entrusted with.

Who is richer than the man who is industrious, frugal, pays his debts, deals justly with all, aids every good move in a cheerful, consistent way, finds time after earning a sustenance to minister in the spiritual duties, and to bless and encourage those who need succor and comfort? Who is richer than the man, having food and raiment and who is therewith content, who seeks after love, faith, patience, meekness, charity, kindness, fights the good fight of faith, and lays hold on eternal life?

While millions of dollars may aid us, and we may do much good therewith, it is a fact, that frequently wealth does not encourage the spirit of righteousness or the happiness of man. On the contrary, simplicity, faith, honesty, careful obedience to the word of the Lord, stand us to a better account than millions of wealth.

One of the richest men who ever lived, Patriarch David McKay, was recently laid to his rest by the most sincere multitude of heartfelt sympathizers that it was ever my privilege to see. Jew, Gentile, Saint and sinner paid homage to his memory, —not because of his wealth, (though he had abundance), but because he was a man rich in noble traits; a man of a holy and



consistent life; a man not wealthy in stocks and bonds and money or other property, but nevertheless wealthy, rich in good works, in unselfish service to his fellow men.

Where men worship wealth or wealth keeps them from the Lord, there is nothing to sustain them in the hour of distress. Heaven deliver us from the avenues of wealth, where whimpering weakness and silly caterings to questionable passions so occupy the minds of people that there is no time for them nor disposition in their hearts to honor God or worship in his sanctuary. Every law of the Lord has a significant place in our development, without which we cannot stand in the great day. Sell all thou hast, and take up thy cross and follow me, was a very significant admonition given by the Savior to the rich man. He gave it because that man was cumbered with wealth, and his heart was bent on his riches, and his spirit was bound down with the weight of business, which lost to him the way of salvation. There are perhaps thousands in our day whose attention is absorbed so literally by their money, that they fail to attend to their spiritual duties, to their hurt, and with danger of their final downfall and death spiritually.

While on a mission some time ago, I had an example that came before me: A wealthy business man, the owner of a large mercantile establishment, became converted to the gospel. He said that he would very much like to be baptized, but he felt sure that if he became a member of the Church, he would lose his many customers and that his business would go to pieces. This condition of mind continued with him for a long time; finally, one day, I received a letter from him, stating that on the day previous his store was burned to the ground with all its contents. He closed his letter with these words, "Come up and baptize me, the obstacle has been removed."

We then baptized him and his family, also a group of his kindred and neighbors, all of whom were awaiting his leadership. This is a living example of how mercifully the Lord touches us, often to our material loss but to our spiritual gain and blessing.

Will it not be well for us, each and every one, to allow the Lord to guide our little barque over some of the dangers of overzealousness in commercialism today?

*Ogden, Utah*

# A Victory for Peace

## A Tale of the Painted Desert

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*By Will Dobson*

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The Navajo is the Arab of the Painted Desert. He roams from oasis to oasis as the need for new pasturage or his hunger for new sights and sounds may urge. Like the Arab, too, the Navajo used to raid his more peaceful neighbors, the Hopi, the Moqui and the Piute. In Pioneer days the white settler suffered, too. Bands of these restless robbers often ventured across the Colorado river and gathered up for themselves the cattle and horses belonging to the scattered "Mormon" settlements of southern Utah.

This custom caused the killing of many men both red and white and fostered a hatred between "Mormon" and Navajo that grew from year to year. Finally Jacob Hamblin was sent by his chief, Brigham Young, to make a treaty of peace with the Navajo chiefs. Jacob Hamblin's plea for peace and friendship was the first sincere offer of fellowship the Navajo leaders had ever heard from a white man, and its simple, honest earnestness so appealed to Barbenceta, the principal chief, that tears came to his eyes and he came forward and put his arm around Hamblin, saying: "My friend and brother, I will do all I can to bring about what you have advised."

This visit put an end to the raiding, and "Mormon" and Navajo mingled and traded in mutual trust and friendship as the days went by. There came a day, however, when it seemed that this peace pact would be destroyed. The Navajo nation declared war on the "Mormon" people, and gathered their scattered bands to move against the "Mormon" settlements. This is the story of the tragedy that roused their anger, and of the calm courage that averted the impending slaughter.

Late in the fall of 1874, four young Navajo braves, two of them nephews of a subchief of the tribe, brought north a band of wiry Spanish ponies loaded with blankets to trade with the Utes for other ponies. These were all lank, graceful fellows who stood in their beaded moccasins erect as young pines and walked with the fearless grace of untamed lions. The trail was new to them and the trip was taken eagerly as a great adventure.

With what pride their fathers watched them sweep away

through the desert silence to disappear in the gorge of the Little Colorado, we can only imagine. What maiden hearts were made desolate by their absence, we can only guess. White or red, in palace or in camp, man is man and woman is woman, and wherever young hearts beat there will be magic in the air.

Emerging at last from the depths of the Little Colorado, they turned eastward across the broken mesa and made their way down another rugged canyon to the Crossing of the Fathers. Swimming the ponies across, they coaxed them up a steep trail to the Escalante bench, following still the trail Escalante had taken over two hundred years before.

From the headwaters of Escalante creek they made their way into the valley of the Sevier, and in the green meadows of Grass Valley found the Ute camp they sought.

A week of bartering found the Utes well supplied with the warm and brilliant blankets of the desert, while the young visitors rejoiced in the care of such a band of ponies as would make their clan rich. Storm threatening, the Utes broke camp to move to winter quarters.

Perhaps the boys would have taken warning from the clouds had not the plentiful deer centered their minds on hunting. Perhaps, being from the desert, they did not realize what winter meant in these altitudes. At any rate, they lingered among the aspens, firs and spruce of the East Fork mountain to load their ponies with meat, until snow blocked all the divides.

Three days the snow fell, and when the clouds finally broke camp and began their drift northeast, five feet of snow held the Navajos and their horses prisoners.

The strange whiteness, absolutely new to their lives, dazed and confused them. They could not decide what to do. The ponies were starving and helpless. Their fire had been quenched in the storm and they could not start it again. Like all trapped creatures, they began a struggle to get out, anywhere to get away from the sight of their freezing, starving stock. Leaving meat and all, they wallowed their way to the stream, thence down stream a few miles to a deserted ranch. Here they found wood dry enough to make a fire, and a calf which they killed to satisfy their hunger. Feeling secure in the land of their friends, the "Mormons," they waited here until the snow should see fit to set them free again.

This ranch, however, belonged, not to a "Mormon," but to a non-"Mormon" named McCarty. As soon as the snow crusted sufficiently he made his way from a nearby settlement to his ranch to see how his stock had stood the storm. Seeing the Indian occupants of his cabin from a distance, he turned, panic-stricken, and hurried back for help to drive the supposed raiders

away. Gathering a posse of men like himself, he hurried them to the ranch, where they met the friendly arm-waving of the young braves with a volley of lead that killed three in their tracks and ripped open the right arm of the fourth from elbow to shoulder-blade.

Swiftwind, the wounded boy, dropped as did his murdered mates. But while the enemy was hesitating to watch for more Indians, he crawled to cover and made his way over the crusted snow into the more friendly forest. The whites, finally taking possession of the ranch, and seeing Swiftwind's bloody trail, were satisfied to hope the cold would do for the Indian what the bullet had failed to do. They were not especially cruel, only afraid of all Indians and determined to teach them a lesson that would put an end to raiding.

How this bleeding redskin with the chill of winter in his marrow made his way afoot out of that bewildering forest and worked his fever-scorched body a few miles a day into the southland; how, coming to the Colorado, he lashed himself to a log and let it carry him downstream over rapids and through whirlpools for miles before an eddy finally drew the log to the other side and lodged it, is not for me to tell. The fact remains that late spring brought home to the waiting and wondering Navajos a skeleton that claimed the name of Swiftwind, that bared to them a mangled and meatless remnant of an arm and with eyes that flashed blackest hatred told them of the fate of their boys in the land of the "Mormons."

This sight and this story aroused a storm of fury against the "Mormons" that swept over the nation like a forest fire. Swiftwind went from camp to camp demanding vengeance for his comrades who lay dead on "Mormon" soil, and reparation for his own sufferings. In their bitterness at what they deemed "Mormon" treachery, the chiefs vowed to smear the blood of the "Mormons" over the desert rocks. Their bitterness was especially strong against Jacob Hamblin, on whose word they had relied in sending their traders across the Colorado.

When Piutes brought word of the preparations of the aroused Navajos to destroy the settlements, there began a hurried gathering of scattered settlers to bigger towns. A messenger rode night and day using relays of ponies to carry the fateful news to President Young. The President commissioned Jacob Hamblin to meet with the chiefs, explain the facts of the killing of their young men, and persuade them from their bloody determination.

Bishop Stewart of Kanab, in delivering the President's message to Hamblin, told him not to attempt the mission, as President Young would not have asked it of him had he known of



the Navajo threats against his life. But Hamblin felt that a command from his loved chief was the will of God, and that in fulfilling it he would be protected from harm.

So he set out at once, against the earnest protests of his neighbors and the tearful entreaties of his family. Fifteen miles from Kanab, Hamblin's son, Joseph, overtook him with a note from Bishop Stewart, this time ordering him to return. This had no effect on his determination. At Mawabby, he found two brothers named Smith preparing to defend the place until the soldiers could be brought from Fort Defiance. These men were not "Mormons," but they were so impressed with the steadfast purpose of Hamblin to meet the chiefs that they gave up trying to persuade him to go back, and went along to pilot him to the hostile camps.

Arriving at the Navajo camp after sundown, they found great bands of horses and many herds of sheep and goats. Two or three grey-haired men came out to meet them, giving them a cold, dignified welcome devoid of either friendship or hate. When the young men appeared, their scowls, fierce mutterings and open threats gave the white men a most discouraging welcome. Only the most stern rebukes of the older heads restrained the others from killing the visitors at once. They were kept prisoners until messengers could gather all the chiefs for a council. The old men present refused to listen to Jacob Hamblin's story, saying they were not ready.

The night passed, and it was noon of the next day before the gathering was ready to hear the "Mormon" messenger. Then the white prisoners were escorted to another, larger lodge and seated in the end farthest from the door. The lodge was built of posts fitted together at the top in the shape of a great cone, then covered with bark and earth. The fire in the centre helped make the stale air almost overpowering.

A champion for the wounded buck opened the crude court with a fiery speech against Jacob Hamblin, condemning him as a man who spoke with "a forked tongue," and blaming him as having caused the death of their sons by advising them to cross the great river and trade with the "Mormons." As a result, he declared, three of their finest young men lay in the land of the "Mormons" for the wolves to eat and another came home after many days of suffering without a blanket and with a wasted, useless arm. Turning dramatically to the whites, he announced that Jacob Hamblin need not think of going home, but that his American friends might if they would start immediately. As soon as the Piute interpreter translated this for Hamblin he asked the Smith brothers to leave, as he did not want to cause them to lose their lives. But they refused to go without Hamblin, whose courage they so admired.

The Smith boys carried revolvers, but Jacob Hamblin would not wear his as he wanted the chiefs to understand that he was not afraid. The Navajo talked among themselves some time, then told Hamblin his turn had come. In his slow, quiet way which always inspired awe and admiration among Indians, he told them of all his years of effort to keep peace between the red man and his people. He told them the facts of the killing of their braves, emphasizing the fact that the "Mormons" had no part in it. He appealed to them not to kill him and his brethren for a crime they had not committed. This speech, in a voice calm and frank, seemed to influence the grey heads in his favor. Seeing this, the young men were roused to greater efforts to enrage their elders.

A fierce young orator, in full war regalia, led in the wounded boy and with burning words that stirred the Indian nature to its very depths, bared the blasted arm and repeated the bloody story of the shooting. His words, backed by the sight of the sullen cripple, brought the council to its feet with a glare of silent menace on every swarthy face. The tense silence was disturbed only by the hushed movements of the Smiths freeing their guns from the scabbards. At this Hamblin commanded them, still in that calm, fearless voice to, "Hold still: do not make the first move, and there will be no move made."

He then began an answer to the Piute interpreter, but fear made the fellow dumb. He could speak neither to Hamblin nor the Navajos. He was a sort of slave to one of the chiefs, and when their slaves displeased them the Navajos did not hesitate to put them to death. Another Piute was brought in, but after a few words fear made him as dumb as the first. This delay helped to ease the strain of the situation, and by the time a Navajo interpreter could be found the crisis had passed. After listening to more talk from the white man, they felt more forgiving, and in lieu of blood they offered to take cattle and horses for the injury done them. They demanded a promissory note for the payment of one hundred head of cattle for each of the dead braves and fifty head for the wounded lad.

This left the peacemaker in as difficult a position as at first. By signing he could go free. But he had no such herd of cattle, nor any authority to bind the "Mormon" Church to pay such an indemnity. Besides which, payment would be a tacit admission that he had lied to them and that the "Mormons" were guilty after all. He had to answer that he would not sign such a promise. At this refusal of what they considered a generous concession, their wrath blazed up again. With deadly menace in eye and voice a stern old warrior pointed to the heap of live coals in their midst and asserted: "You will, by the time you have been stretched over that bed of coals awhile." But

Hamblin's firm answer was that he had never lied to them, and that he would not pay for the wrong another had committed. "Let the guilty men pay for their own mischief, I will not sign for one hoof."

In the wrathful hush of this deadlock, a Piute chief asked Hamblin if he were not afraid.

"What is there to scare me?" was the reply.

"The Navajos."

"I am not afraid of my friends," was the staunch answer.

"Friends!" the Piute exclaimed, "you have not one friend in all the Navajo nation. Navajo blood has been spilled on your land. You have caused a whole nation to mourn. Your friend, Kechine, who gave you meat when you were hungry, and blankets when you were cold, has gone to mourn for his murdered sons. You have caused the bread he eats to be like coals of fire in his mouth, and the water he drinks like hot ashes. Are you not afraid?"

"No," Hamblin assured him, "my heart never knew fear."

The Navajos were curious and questioned the Piute. He repeated the talk to them. This fearlessness appealed to their ideals of manliness, and roused anew the admiration they had always felt for Hamblin. A long discussion among themselves followed, Hamblin finally having opportunity to propose that the chiefs send Hastele, a chief whom all trusted, to the scene of the killing with a party of warriors and an interpreter, to find out the actual facts of the crime. Further discussion ensued, when Hamblin was rejoiced to hear from the interpreter:

"They are talking good about you now."

It was then agreed that Hamblin should come to Mawabby after twenty-five days, meet the chief's party, and escort them through the "Mormon" country to the McCarty ranch. So ended well what seemed likely to be a bloody war.

*Kanab, Utah*

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### London Conference Reunion in Salt Lake City

Saints and missionaries, late of the London Conference, should know that a permanent organization has been effected of the London conference reunion, the following officers having been appointed: L. A. Southwick, President; R. H. Jones, First Vice-President; D. E. Hammond, Second Vice-President; J. Rothery, Secretary. Executive Committee, L. A. Thody, Wm. Rook, John T. Seach, J. W. E. Tomlinson, J. Brooks. The purpose of this organization is to welcome new comers to this country, assist them to become creditable citizens of the United States; foster and stimulate oldtime friendships, and to conduct a neighborly work, spiritual and temporal. Since the last October general conference several active committee meetings have been held preparatory to the April, 1918, round-up of London conference reunion, to be held Friday, April 5, at 8 o'clock, in the Pioneer Stake Hall, 126 West Fifth South. All interested friends, both missionaries and emigrated Saints, should be present.



## Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

### XXII. *The Canada Goose*

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my gray-goose quill!  
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
 Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
 The mighty instrument of little men!

—Lord Byron.

1. Name at least four kinds of geese found in North America.
2. Tell of the range of the Canada goose and suggest a reason for its name.
3. Tell of the size, color, and markings of this goose and contrast male and female in these respects.
4. Explain the general rule regarding the color of young birds in case the parents are alike in color. The young goose sometimes varies from this. In what way?
5. Give time of migrations and describe method of flight.
6. Where, when, and of what are the nests made?
7. When is moulting time? Why then?
8. Geese are often decoyed. Why and how?
9. Upon what do geese subsist?
10. What protection do we give our wild geese? Is this enough? Why?

#### *Wild Geese*

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,  
 The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,  
 Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,  
 And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,  
 Over the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow,  
 By the flowing river the alder catkins swing  
 And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!  
 Look children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!  
 Like a peal of broken bells—kling, klang, kling,—  
 Far and high the geese cry, "Spring! It is spring!"



Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese, dear!  
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;  
Chase the snow into the North, O strong of heart and wing,  
While we share the robin's rapture crying, "Spring! It is spring!"  
—*Celia Thaxter.*

North America is famous for its geese. A number of different kinds are found here. The most noted are the Hutchins, white-cheeked, cackling, and Canada. The Canada is the largest of the lot and best known among gunners and epicures. His range extends from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He is the only one of our geese to be found in all parts of the continent, but, as his name suggests, is especially fond of the quiet stretches of Canada.

"As befits things American, our Canada goose is the greatest of his kind, search the world over. None other is so large, none other affords the man who bags him such depths of satisfaction." Ordinarily he measures from thirty-six to forty-three inches in length, and from about ten to fifteen pounds in weight. His body feathers are of dark grayish brown color on his back and sides, but fade to a white on the lower belly. The slanting breast is of paler grayish brown, and the long wing quills, short tail, narrow rump, strong neck, and pointed head are of pleasing black. A broad triangular patch of contrastive white covers each cheek. At times these patches are separated under the chin by a narrow line of black, but usually they meet with no suggestion of demarkation.

Both male and female are much alike in color and markings, however, the gander is somewhat the larger in size. As a rule when both parents display the same sort of gowns and trimmings, the young offspring differ but little in their attire from that of the grown-ups. This is true of the Canada goose "boys and girls." The only pronounced difference is found in the white cheek patches, which in the children are sometimes marked with black.

Every company of Canada geese has its leader and guards. "On the march, ranks are maintained more uniformly than in the German army, and all maneuvers are executed with absolute military precision. It would do you good to see a file of geese in straight line swinging about a pit, and note the speed with which the outer bird 'hopped' it up to keep in line." In early spring, when the call of the North comes, the leader gives orders and away they fly to cooler climes. Their flight is firm, steady, and swift and, on clear days, high in the air. They travel in V-shaped formation with their experienced leader setting the pace and marking the way. Often their passage is heralded by a mellow, "Honk, honk, honk" and at times the fanning of their busy wings is distinctly audible, even though the gliding flock be so far above the observer.

These migratory pilgrimages sometimes cover two or three thousand miles. Most of the traveling is done during the day, but at times they "move on" at night. When alighting, the outspread wings are held motionless, and the birds gracefully drift down a long slope, finally settling with a heavy splash upon the water. As a rule they sleep on the water with heads tucked under wings until the first peep of day.

Before the coming of the white man, these interesting birds nested in great numbers along the lakes and rivers of northern United States, but the inroads of civilization have since changed the breeding grounds almost wholly to the wilds of Canada. However, in sparsely settled regions a few still hold to the old grounds. Occasionally nests are found in our own state. During the summer just passed a flock of twenty or so hatched and reared its young among the shallow waters in the northwestern part of Salt Lake valley.

Usually the secluded nest is built among reeds or tall grass bordering marsh or stream or else on higher ground not far from water. It is a mass of sticks or reeds lined with grass, and kept warm by fluffy feathers and down from the mother bird's breast. In it are from five to eight pale buff, dull green, or else ivory white eggs, about three and one-half by two and one-half inches in size.

The eggs are cared for almost entirely by the goose and during the month she is sitting the gander keeps watch in the immediate vicinity to protect her in case of approaching danger. At an early age the little goslings are led to the water and from then on have no further use of the nest.

Soon after the young are hatched both parent birds begin to moult. At this time they live with the babies upon or near the water and in consequence have but little use for their wings. As a result the birds, in moulting, shed their wing feathers all at once and for a period are quite unable to fly. Indians and Eskimos know of this peculiar custom and for a long time have taken advantage of it in killing many geese during this critical period of their lives.

By many sportsmen the Canada goose is regarded as the wariest and gamiest of all game birds. He is alert and difficult to approach, but his strong gregarious habits often result in his "down-fall" among hunters. He is very sociable and will seldom pass others of his kind that happen to be swimming upon water or feeding upon land. In consequence, an "artificial goose" or staked cripple rarely fails to attract the passing flock. When thus brought to within gunshot he becomes easy prey to the screened marksman.

This fondness of company is taken advantage of in still another way. Hunters have learned to imitate the call whistle of

the goose, and use it in decoying him to screened pits dug in the midst of frequented feeding grounds. Only skilful whistlers, however, meet with much success in beguiling the keen-eared goose to within shooting distance of the pit.

Geese are especially suspicious of dogs and men, but soon become accustomed to cows and horses. Gunners sometimes avail themselves of this by hiding behind these animals while in quest of the birds. In California oxen have been trained to serve as screens for this purpose.

When first frightened geese become much confused, but are soon composed when launched in air. On clear days, they usually fly high, but when going against wind, snow, or fog almost invariably skim just above the fields and water.

While with water they feed upon eel-grass, roots of aquatic plants, insects, small fish, and the like, but when afield they search for berries and glean for corn, wheat, and other grains that may have been left among the stubble.

The Canada goose is easily domesticated and becomes much attached to friendly surroundings. In company with others he appears quite comfortable and contented, but when alone is restless and ill at ease. He then seems bent on finding lost companions, and in the effort wabbles heedlessly into almost every place open to his view. It is then that he is the "goose" of the old Mother Goose rhyme:

"Goosey, goosey gander, whither do you wander,  
Up stairs, down stairs, in the lady's chamber?"

#### Section 25 of the Utah Fish and Game law reads:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to take, kill, wound, shoot at or have in his possession any wild ducks, or geese, or to rob or destroy any nest, egg, or young of any wild duck, goose, or snipe.

"This provision shall not prohibit the killing of not more than six geese or twenty-five of all the birds mentioned in this section in any one day, during the season allowed therefor, which shall commence on the first day of October and close on the 31st day of December of each year. Provided, that it shall be unlawful to use sneak boats or sink boxes or other similar devices for the pursuit of such game, or to take, kill, wound or shoot at any of the said birds between sunset and sunrise. Every person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and failure by the party in possession of such birds to give satisfactory explanation shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of guilt."

If twenty persons should each kill six geese daily for ten or fifteen days, how many wild geese would be left in our state? No wonder, under such laws, our wild "honkers" are so rapidly disappearing.

#### *My Sleepy Goslings*

Oh, say, did you ever listen,

Oh, say, did you ever try

To understand what the goslings say,

In their vesper hymns, at close of day,

Their "baby sleep," their roundelay,

Their "good night" lullaby?

After a long day's journey,  
 The whole of the weary brood  
 Come trudging home, with pattering feet,  
 Telling, in accents grave and sweet,  
 Of wonderful victories and defeat,  
 While they were seeking food.

They all drop down in a circle,  
 And chatter of strangest things,  
 Of the bumblebee, with his velvet crest,  
 And the rumbly-buzz within his vest—  
 They tell how the fire-fly builds her nest,  
 And the moth, with silken wings—

And how, in the early morning,  
 While seeking the clover's bloom,  
 They wrestled with dandelion tops,  
 And chased a funny bird that hops,  
 Then drank the silvery dew that drops  
 Down from the spider's loom.

They tell of strange adventures  
 With bugs as black as night,  
 And how a great, green, ugly frog  
 Made faces at them from a log,  
 And then jumped back into the bog—  
 Which gave them such a fright!

And now, that the day is over—  
 And they are free from harm—  
 They chirp with drowsy, dense delight,  
 With closing eyes to the falling night,  
 Huddling together close and tight—  
 Together snug and warm.

And then they begin to murmur  
 A musical "all is well"—  
 A fairy hears it and echoes the strain,  
 Another one catches and sends it again  
 To a third, who gathers the whole refrain  
 In the folds of his silver bell.

Peep low, my pretty goslings,  
 Soft trills the nightingale;  
 The dew is falling, the crickets sing,  
 The fire-fly dances, the swamp mists cling,  
 A fairy poses on gossamer wing—  
 "All's right, and all is well."

Sweeter than lamentation  
 Of autumn's turtle-dove!  
 Sweeter than dirge to the falling leaves,  
 So solemnly sung by October's breeze,  
 Or cadence of the sorrowful trees,  
 Mourning for desolate love!

Sweeter than rippling waters,  
 Or the notes of the dying swan!  
 Sweeter than robin, or whippoorwill,  
 Is that "rock-a-bye" from fairy hill,  
 That sweet refrain of "Peace be still,"  
 Which the goslings coo and murmur and trill,  
 From evening until dawn.—*Flora E. Bennett.*





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### JERUSALEM DELIVERED

Carrying out the customs of the Crusaders who, centuries before, delivered the Holy City from the infidels for a time, Gen. Allenby, commander of the victorious British forces, is shown entering Jerusalem on foot, after he had succeeded in wresting it from the sway of the Turk. The Turks and their Teuton allies had already evacuated the city, and the British forces were in complete control when the British commander made his triumphal entry through the Jaffa gate. Accompanying Gen. Allenby are his staff and the commanders of the French and Italian forces who co-operated with the British in the drive through Palestine. This is the first official photo, showing the British forces entering the Holy City.

# Should Latter-day Saints Drink Coca-Cola?

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By Dr. Frederick J. Pack

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At noon recess of a recent general conference of the Church, while waiting by appointment for a friend at one of the city's principal drug stores, the writer became very much astonished to witness a large number of brethren and sisters step up to the soda water counter, drink a glass of coca-cola, and then walk away as if it were a regular practice.

Subsequent investigation has convinced the writer that great numbers of Latter-day Saints, who devotedly abstain from the use of tea and coffee, are persistent drinkers of coca-cola. It is quite generally known that this popular beverage is being extensively used by young people; the surprise, however, comes in the information that older and more experienced people are using it. Recent inquiry seems to indicate that the "Mormon" people in general are quite unfamiliar with the chemical composition of this drink and that its physiological effect is very much the same as that of tea or coffee.

The purpose in writing this article is to place before the Latter-day Saints a simple, frank and unbiased statement of the nature of coca-cola and its effect upon those who use it.

Some few years ago the United States government chemists brought suit under the Pure Food and Drugs law against the Coca-Cola Company, charging that this drink is deleterious to health. A long and hard-fought suit followed. The judge ruled that the Pure Food and Drugs law does not cover such a case as presented and dismissed the matter. Since that time much has appeared in certain newspapers and privately published pamphlets to the effect that the harmless nature of coca-cola has been vindicated. It should be noted, however, that the judge reported nothing of the kind; his ruling simply shows that the Pure Food and Drugs law needs amending.

During the court proceedings just alluded to, government and other chemists proved beyond question that the beverage coca-cola contains a high percentage of the alkaloid *caffeine*. The Coca-Cola Company itself is very frank in its admission of the existence of this drug as witness the following statement taken from an advertisement recently appearing in the *Medical Times*: "Coca-cola belongs to the same class of food products

as tea and coffee, *viz.*, the caffeine-beverages. Though they differ in flavor they are similar in effect, for caffeine is their common and only active principle."

We quote from a little pamphlet, distributed gratis by the Coca-Cola Company, entitled *The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth About Coca-Cola*: "What we want you to understand, however, is the *very* important fact that there is caffeine in Coca-Cola and that it is of actual benefit to you. It is there with a purpose—not by accident and *never* to be apologized for, explained, or even criticized."

The similarity of the action of coca-cola to that of tea and coffee is further admitted in the following quotation taken from the pamphlet just mentioned: "Let us come out flat-footed and tell you people who think—who use your brains to make your living—that Coca-Cola helps. It helps you just as tea and coffee help. It takes away from the tired brain that which produces its fatigue; thereby ease of thought is produced by the caffeine in tea, coffee and Coca-Cola that anyone who makes his living by brainwork will appreciate.

"As a drinker of the other beverages you will fully understand what we mean. When you have tasted Coca-Cola and received its benefits you will understand fully and completely what we mean when we tell you that this delicious beverage is your 'between-meals cup of tea and coffee'."

For the Latter-day Saints who believe that tea and coffee are detrimental, there can be but one attitude toward the use of coca-cola, for, according to the testimony of the company itself, its action is precisely similar to that of tea and coffee.

Some idea of the relative harmfulness of coca-cola and tea and coffee can be obtained from a comparison of the respective amounts of caffeine that each carries. Authorities agree that caffeine is present in tea and coffee, as they are ordinarily served at restaurant tables, to the extent of about 1.5 to 2.5 grains per cup. The coca-cola people admit that an equal amount of their beverage contains about 1.25 grains of caffeine. It will be observed that coca-cola contains slightly less caffeine than does an equal amount of either tea or coffee. It should be understood, however, that an ordinary glass of coca-cola is much larger than a cup of the other beverages. It is fair to say, therefore, that the caffeine content of a glass of coca-cola is just about equal to that contained in a cup of tea or coffee.

But just here another point should be kept in mind. Caffeine is naturally present in tea and coffee while it is artificially present in coca-cola; to the latter the drug is added during the process of manufacture. According to the belief of certain noted scientists, caffeine, when artificially added is much more harmful than when naturally present. Of this matter Dr. Harvey

W. Wiley says: "When caffeine is separated from tea and coffee, and used as a separate drug, it exerts a very much more specific action upon the system than when in natural combination." Dr. William J. Schieffelin, president of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association, says practically the same thing in the following excerpt: "When you take caffeine in tea and coffee you take it accompanied by caffe-tannic acid, which goes in with the infusion. After you have had two or three cups your stomach does not crave any more. If you extract the caffeine and mix it with syrup, and flavor it, you can drink six or eight glasses of it, and there is no warning from your stomach, and you become a nervous wreck. That is the danger of the drinks that have caffeine added to them."

It is not the purpose of the present article to describe even briefly the effects of caffeine upon the human system; this would require far more space than is at present available. The Latter-day Saints are already more or less familiar with this matter.

The coca-cola habit has made rapid inroads into the lives of an unsuspecting people. Especially during summer months it is not an unusual matter for business men and office girls to drink as high as five or more glasses of this beverage daily. The Coca-Cola Company claims that as much as seven to fourteen glasses of their beverage taken daily will not be injurious to health. This amount would contain 8 to 16 grains of caffeine. The truthfulness of their claim can be judged from the results of the experiment outlined below, in which the greatest quantity of caffeine administered was 6 grains.

Some six or seven years ago the Coca-Cola Company furnished the money with which Professor H. L. Hollingworth of Columbia University made an extensive series of experiments dealing with the effect of caffeine upon human beings. Professor Hollingworth had previously acted as an expert for the Coca-Cola Company in the suit to which reference has been made, and, therefore, was likely not prejudiced against the use of caffeine at least in small quantities. After the completion of the experiments the results were published in book form, but no one seems to have heard of the Coca-Cola Company heralding its findings. We may surmise that they were not just what the company had expected.

Throughout the experiment great care was exercised to reduce all disturbing influences to a minimum, so that the results would be the more reliable. The subjects, consisting of six men and ten women, were engaged for a period of forty days, and during this time each individual was required strictly to conform to certain stipulated conditions relating to diet and general activity. None was permitted to use tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, tobacco, soda fountain drinks containing patent



syrups, alcoholic drinks or any drug except as instructed by the director in charge.

In order further to avoid any probability of error, the subjects were not permitted to know when the caffeine was administered. This was accomplished by prescribing at stated intervals, capsules part of which contained caffeine and part of which did not.

Eight of the subjects were regular users of caffeine-bearing beverages; three were moderate users; three were occasional users; and three were abstainers.

At times throughout the forty days of this experiment the subjects were given varying quantities (1-6 grains) of caffeine, and at other times not any. They were also carried through a great variety of tests designed to determine the effect of the drug on various phases of human activity.

The following is the present writer's summary of Professor Hollingworth's investigation. It should be kept in mind that the greatest amount of caffeine administered for any one day was 6 grains; this amount is contained in three to five glasses of coca-cola as ordinarily served at soda water fountains.

1. All doses of caffeine (1-6 grains) increase the rapidity with which simple muscular tasks are performed.

2. All doses of caffeine (1-6 grains) increase the rate at which simple mental activities are performed.

3. Small doses of caffeine (1-3 grains) cause greater stimulation in the two preceding than do larger doses, the stimulation being inversely proportional to the size of the dose.

4. Even the smaller doses of caffeine increase nervousness to a marked degree. The nerves are very badly affected by the larger doses.

5. Both the quality and quantity of sleep are badly impaired by the average (1-6 grains) and seriously impaired by the larger doses.

6. Large doses of caffeine cause a greater impairment of sleep and increase of nervousness than small ones, the effect proportional to the size of the dose.

7. The deleterious effect of the average caffeine dose (1-6 grains) is readily noticeable in the general health, while the six-grain doses cause serious impairment.

Thus, at the hands of the people who are attempting to defend it, caffeine is shown to be a true stimulant (literally a whip) goading the system on to abnormal activity, which is paid for by general impairment of health.

Should the Latter-day Saints or, for that matter, anyone else, drink coca-cola?



#### FOUR GENERATIONS

The above portrait represents baby Josephine Preston, daughter of Dr. Alexander P. and Josephine Herrick Preston, of Rigby, Idaho. In the center is Dr. Preston; to the left, John L. Herrick, grandfather; to the right, Honorable Joseph A. West, a well-known engineer, great-grandfather, who, in 1883-7 was assistant in the superintendency and also assistant general secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., and a faithful worker for years, up to 1881, as superintendent of the Weber Stake Y. M. M. I. A. John L. Herrick, who is now president of the Western States mission, acted as secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Weber stake for ten years, and later for nearly ten years was superintendent. Dr. Preston is president of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Rigby. The little girl, with an ancestry of such record in the young people's organizations, ought surely also to make her mark in M. I. A. work.

# They Kissed Again with Tears

*By Henry Nicol Adamson*

"Allan, will you come home in time to accompany me to Lady Barr's garden fete? It is for the Red Cross, you know, and I promised you would be there if at all possible."

Allan Foster looked up from the morning paper with a frown on his strong, handsome face.

"You had no right to promise for me, Maggie," he answered sharply. "It is quite impossible for me to go anywhere in business hours. I doubt, indeed, if I can get home for dinner to-night. This last Government order is taxing all our resources." His young wife's face darkened.

"I might have known better," she said bitterly. "Seeing money-making is the one thing you care about, go on making it! If all the world pities me as a neglected wife, let it! I'm past caring what people say!"

"Don't be silly, Maggie," was the sole reply to this outburst. "You know business must be attended to, especially such a business as ours, as essential to the carrying on of this European war as the men in khaki with whom you compare me, to my disadvantage, at every turn!"

"That is no excuse," retorted his wife. "If you had been half a man you would have found ways and means of leaving the business, as hundreds of other men have done. But that"—jeeringly—"might have meant heavy loss, against which your commercial soul would have risen in revolt! If I could have foreseen anything like this I would never have married outside the Service! The daughter of a long line of soldiers ought to marry a soldier whether it means constant worry over a too small income or not!"

Allan Foster slowly rose to his feet. He was strangely white about the lips.

"Then my sister was right?" he said, hoarsely, "you never cared for me; only for my money?"

Maggie's pained and startled silence seemed more than sufficient reply. With a muffled groan he turned and stumbled blindly from the room. Maggie hid her face in her trembling hands.

"Oh, it is all too terrible!" she moaned. "If only he had cared, nothing else would have mattered; but I am nothing—less than nothing—to him! Even the boy's death did not move

him. His business is his whole life. I do not believe it would cost him more than a passing pang if I were to die tomorrow! And yet I—God help me! love him with my whole ‘heart and soul!’ ”

Yet as Allan Foster was rapidly driven to his great factories, which were working almost night and day turning out supplies for the army and navy, he was hugging to his breast the agonizing belief that the wife he worshiped had never really loved him, and would not care though she would never see him again! He had never found it easy to express his deepest feelings. Maggie had gripped his heart almost in their first moment of meeting, yet even when he asked her to be his wife he had not been able to find words to tell her all that she meant to him. After the marriage his sister, who had lost a comfortable position as his housekeeper, was not slow to impress upon the young wife that he had been guided mainly by his desire to link his life with that of a country family, though an older, wiser woman than Maggie would have realized the stupidity of the suggestion, seeing Allan proved most unwilling to waste precious time “hobnobbing with the gentry!”

Business had been his life till he met Maggie. Outwardly it continued to be so, even after the boy came. And when the boy was taken away—ah, then what else but a greater absorption in business would help him to forget all his shattered dreams? Maggie’s mother had taken her to the old home for a long visit. When she came back Allen was seemingly further away from her than ever, and the awful emptiness of her life, combined with her wounded pride, had driven her into a feverish pursuit of pleasure which he neither could nor would share. Then the outbreak of war had given her work to do, but at the same time filled her with shame, because the man whose name she bore was not one of those who immediately answered the call of King and country, though she had not said so in as many words till this morning, when the bitter recollection of a conversation overheard the previous day had driven her to the utterance of her taunting speech.

Yet Allan had known by instinct how she felt, and, with no counting of the cost, had offered himself as a common private, only to be rejected—because of a heart weakness of which he had not known till then. The doctor, a personal friend, had added a warning that he was overworking, but Allan could still do his bit in that way, and would at any risk. He had not told Maggie, thinking there was no good worrying her. And now, he was thinking bitterly, she would not care. If he died tomorrow, she would be well provided for, and she would be free to marry a war hero when the time was ripe!



That he could harbor such a thought was indeed evidence of how deeply the iron had entered into his soul.

He did some rapid planning after that, and when he entered his office he surprised his partner by the decision he announced. "I'm going to India myself, George, instead of sending Galloway. You know he's mad to enlist, and we've no right to keep him back. It means working double tides for you, but I know you won't mind that! It's for the British Empire!"

"I'll survive," said George, laconically; "but you're not fit for India, old man. The last spell of it pretty nearly did for you. And you hadn't a wife to think of then!"

Allan Foster made no answer, but began to busy himself with the letters. His partner gave him a long, searching look, and recalled his own wife's words that the Fosters were daily drifting further apart. He wondered if this separation would bring them together, or widen the breach. He rather inclined to believe the latter.

"Look here, Foster, you must think this matter well out," he ventured. "After all, business isn't the only thing that matters, and unless it is absolutely essential, a man should never leave his wife alone, as you would need to do. If one of us must go, why shouldn't I? My wife has the children to keep her company. And, physically, I'm much better fitted for the job. It may mean a year and more to get that muddle out there cleared up."

"I don't care though it takes for ever!" said Foster shortly. "I am going, and there's an end to it!"

And when the senior partner spoke in such a tone, the junior knew remonstrance was utterly futile. Within an hour Foster's passage by the P. and O. was booked, and preparations for his departure were in full swing. The day was a crowded one, and he did not get home that night till his wife had gone to bed.

Somehow, he was not sorry. He believed it would be better not to tell her that he was going till the very last day. He would not like her to think that the scene of that morning had driven him away.

She was in the breakfast room before him next morning, seemingly too busy with her letters to look up as she answered his quiet, formal "Good morning!" To Allan it was all too evident that she neither wanted, nor expected, the usual kiss.

It meant nothing—was a mere form, she was telling herself fiercely, even while she hoped against hope that he would come and put his arms around her, and force her to look up, then press his lips to hers, before he told her that it had all been a mistake—that he had never believed his sister's cruel words.

Instead, he took his own place without another word, and lifted the newspaper lying beside his plate. If Maggie did not

wish to speak, he certainly would not force her, he told himself. And so love was crushed underfoot by angry pride, and misery instead of joy reigned in the sunuy breakfast room!

Only when a maid announced the car did Maggie volunteer an unnecessary remark.

"Do you expect to be home for dinner, Allan?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'll ring up if I won't," he answered. "If you want to be out, don't stay in for me."

"It is my evening at the Soldier's Rest-Hut," she replied, "and I would really need to be there by six. But I don't want you to feel that I'm neglecting my home duties."

"I don't think I have ever accused you of doing so!" was the cold answer.

"If it will make your mind any easier, I can dine at the Club. It would be more convenient for me, anyhow, as I shall have to go back to the office."

"That will be all right then," said Maggie, and took up the morning paper.

Allan Foster sharply drew in his breath as he turned towards the door. Truly the misunderstanding between them was complete.

The husband did not have an idle moment, the wife did not allow herself one all through the long, crowded day. Neither of them wished to think of anything but the work in hand. But Maggie had not been very long in the Soldiers' Rest-Hut before her carefully concealed agony was intensified an hundredfold. A young girl who was assisting at the counter came up, when there was a moment's lull, and spoke, a little shyly,

"I hope we aren't to lose you when your husband goes to India, Mrs. Foster? I can't tell you how grateful we are to him, not only for setting my brother free to enlist, but promising that the firm will pay my mother his full salary all the time he is away. Dan has been breaking his heart because he couldn't go, as the firm had no one else to send to India but himself, till Mr. Foster thought of this way out."

For a moment Maggie was too stunned to reply. Allan going to India, and leaving her to learn the fact in this casual way! She felt as if she had been stabbed to the very heart. But pride came to her aid. Her voice was perfectly steady when she spoke.

"I'm not quite sure what I shall do, Miss Galloway. Mr. Foster and I have not discussed my arrangements yet, but it is probable that I shall go to my mother's while he is away. But you will find plenty of people ready to take my place here. There are none of us who can't be done without, you know!"

"Oh, Mrs. Foster, you are the very life and soul of this place!" cried a second girl, and Maggie smiled, a little wearily.

It was good to be appreciated by outsiders, if she were nothing to the man who was all her world and more!

She never knew how she got through the rest of the evening. Shortly after nine she came to the end of her endurance, and decided to slip off home without waiting for her car, which came for her at ten. Somehow, she was glad when she stepped outside to find that it was raining heavily, while the wind was rising to a hurricane. The storm without but suited the storm within. But even as she stepped off the pavement to cross the street, her name was called, and she looked round quickly to see the family doctor behind her. "I was just thinking of you," he said. "My car is waiting at the corner. Let me take you home." And because she was too tired to resist, she let him lead her to the waiting car. As it moved off, he took her hand in both his own, and spoke in low, gentle tones.

"Mrs. Foster, I am going to exercise an old friend's privilege, and ask a question which you may or may not resent. What is wrong between Allan and you that he is set on going to India, when I have warned him that it means certain death? His particular form of heart trouble need cause him very little inconvenience here, but in India—well, my fears may be exaggerated by my love for my lifelong chum, but the least that he can do is to take my advice and see a specialist before he goes; and seeing he won't listen to me, it is up to you to persuade him to do so, and abide by the specialist's decision. Whatever the misunderstanding between you, I know that you love each other truly, otherwise I would not have spoken thus frankly."

Maggie's heart had almost ceased beating. Not only was Allan going to India without telling her, but he was going, open-eyed, into grave danger. What else could that mean but that he was tired of his life with her, and with his dogged, middle-class pride would prefer death to the scandal of an open separation? Truly the shame and humiliation of it were more than she could bear! Yet she must not let the doctor—Allan's friend more than hers—know how terribly he had hurt her by his revelation. So she pulled herself together, and spoke with wondrous calm.

"I'm afraid Dr. Lee, that I have no more chance of turning Allan from his purpose than you. If his mind is made up to go to India, he will go, no matter who should endeavor to keep him back. I, for one, certainly will not try!"

There was a finality in her tone which told Arthur Lee that the misunderstanding between the two was deeper far than he had guessed, and the car had stopped at her door before he could find words to reply.

She dismissed him with cold courtesy. "Thank you for bringing me home, Dr. Lee," she said, when he had rung the

electric bell. "I needn't ask you in, as Allan won't be home yet, and I am going straight to bed."

He smiled a little crookedly.

"I see I have offended you, Mrs. Foster," he said; "but my conscience tells me that I have done the right thing. Allan himself would never have told you about the heart weakness which we only discovered when he tried to enlist, the very day after the age limit was raised, and it is only right that you should know."

"Allan tried to enlist?" she said, almost overwhelmed by this last revelation. "And I never knew, and all but called him a coward. He tells me nothing. I only learned by accident that he was going to India! So now you will understand how far we have drifted apart. I am nothing—less than nothing—to him; and I only wish you were able to tell me that my days were numbered, for life without Allan's love is not worth living!" And before he could answer that sudden outburst the door was opened, and she hurried inside and almost slammed it in his face.

He whistled softly as he returned to his car. "Well, of all the muddles! And Allan is equally sure she doesn't care. He as good as said so today. Yet I'm almost afraid to interfere further! Ah, if only the boy had lived!"

And Maggie, too, was thinking that, as she wearily climbed the stairs to her own room, after refusing the maid's offer of refreshment. Her one desire was to be alone, behind a securely locked door, to face the wreckage of her life-happiness, and try to find some way of escape for both of them which did not necessitate the sacrifice of Allan's useful life!

But as she came to the door of the nursery, in which everything was kept just as it was on the day the boy was taken from them with such startling suddenness, she paused. Would she go in, and kneel by the empty cot and cry aloud to God to let this last bitter cup pass from her? She knew that Allan had never crossed the threshold since the little white coffin had been carried out. There would be no danger of him entering and finding her there.

Yet when she opened the door he was there, kneeling beside the boy's chair, his arms gripping the big teddy bear which had been the boy's favorite plaything, his hands convulsively gripping the tiny white slippers which had been flung to the floor—and left there—when the boy was put to bed for the last time!

"God help me to play the man," the deep rich voice was saying. "I want them—thou alone knowest how I want them, for nothing else speaks of him as they do, but it would break



Maggie's heart to find them gone, so give me the strength to leave them, to be content to hold him only in my heart and memory, for which I need nothing tangible, which the fingers of the flesh hold!"

Maggie's grip of the door-knob tightened. And this was the man she had thought heartless, indifferent, too absorbed in his money-making to care for her grief, far less to share it, and all the while a sorrow too deep for expression in words had been eating into his very soul!

If she misjudged him so on the one count, why not on the other?

Perhaps—and the color came slowly back to her cheek—perhaps he really cared for her, and only his difficulty of expression had kept him from saying so. Perhaps he was even breaking his heart, as she was, thinking that she did not care! Surely God himself had made her open the door, and was urging her forward—forward till she was kneeling by her husband's side, putting her arms around him, laying her cheek to his. She felt him grow rigid under her touch, but she called all her courage to her aid.

"Allan, oh Allan, can you forgive me?" she whispered. "I thought you did not care when God took back the gift he had but lent us for the time, to place it in the niche he keeps in heaven to hold our idols, lest we should impair their whiteness! And so I grew cold and outwardly indifferent, though you were dearer far to me than you had ever been! I love you, Allan, I can't tell how I love you! Won't you stay with me, and let us commence afresh, for oh, I can't believe that you could have loved the boy so very much, and be utterly indifferent to his mother!"

"Ah!" Suddenly he loosened his grip of the inanimate things which meant so much, that his arms might clasp the woman who embodied all that they stood for and more. "Indifferent to the boy's mother—my wife! How far astray you went, little woman, when you believed that, as far astray as I went when I thought you did not care! But thank God, the misunderstanding is over, darling! We are together now! We shall remain together till death itself shall part us, and even that will only mean separation for a little while!"

And the healing touch of the little dead hand lay gently upon them as they "kissed again with tears!"

# Invocation to Harmony

*Moderato, Maestoso,*  
1st and 2nd Tenor.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS

Awake, awake, O voice of harmony, and let thy

1st and 2nd Bass.

O har-mo-ny,

charms each heart in - spire..... Till no - ble

thoughts each mind shall fire, And rouse to rap-ture, and rouse to

rap-ture, and rouse to rap - ture my long slumbering

*dim. e rit.*

*CODA. (After D.S. only)*

*Fine. mf*

lyre. | Awake, O voice of har - mo - ny. | As

*pp*

sun - beams in the morn - ing,

*pp*  
sunbeams in the morning light, Re-fresh the flow'rs be-  
*Dolce.* *mf*

(Sing the parts accompanying the melody very soft and staccato.)

So let thy pow'r a - wak - en My

*mf*  
*pp*  
deck'd with dew, So let thy pow'r a - wak - en now My

soul to life a - new; O let me in thee blend my voice, And

*f*

let my longing heart re-joyce, While stir - ring concords

of my choice, Fall sweetly on the ear..... A-

*rit.* *D.S.*

(Do not repeat the first part after D.S.)

# Peace Terms

*By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner*

It will be noted that President Wilson is disposed to be somewhat more generous in his peace terms than either Great Britain or France. Since America entered the war, the President has been the leading spokesman in what the demands of the Allies will be around the table of the peace conference in case of an Allied victory. This leadership has been generally accepted by the Entente of Europe, as the importance of the United States at this stage of the war is fully recognized. Should the United States be recognized as the foremost expositor of peace terms? This country enters the war at the crucial hour, and may become the decisive factor. That our task will ever equal that of England or France in the war's burdens is not likely. If so, may we not defer to their decision in what ought to be done in case of victory? Germany's immediate neighbors must live next door to her and bear the brunt of German aggression which will be perhaps as insistent after the war as it was before. Their danger will be direct, ours indirect. No one who realizes what Germany is now doing need doubt that she is already preparing for another war, a war in which she expects to avoid the mistakes she made in this.

A brief survey of the situation shows that the Teutons have been pursuing a policy looking to another war as soon as they can shape themselves, and before her enemies will have time to recover from the German policy of absolute destruction. Germany is waging war in the domains of her enemies. Against England she is seeking as completely the destruction of England's supremacy upon the seas as she can. The submarine warfare has a double purpose. It is first the destruction of food and other supplies; and, second, it is the destruction of England's future upon the seas. In the case of Belgium it is the complete paralysis of that country commercially and in man power. In Serbia it is practical annihilation. In France it is the complete destruction of northern France and the inability of that country to recover for a generation after Germany is on her feet ready for another, and to her mind, a successful war. As much of Italy is to be laid waste as possible.

Germany does not hope to win out now. She is too smart to indulge in any such delusions. She knows that all odds are against her, and is not fighting for present victory. The Teutons know full well that the continuation of the present struggle means greater damage to the future powers of her enemies than to them, and know, too, their ability to recover in man power is greater than that of their enemies.

As soon as Germany has wrought all the havoc possible to make the future tell in her favor, she will be ready to strike hands with her enemies on almost any terms of peace they may consider a minimum. Then she will be good, so good that her humility will be almost unendurable. The nations across the seas understand this better than we do. With them the terms of peace must look to an enforced future safety. Otherwise this war will have been fought in vain. Europe should not be placed under German domination before Teuton aggression will be brought home to us. It is, therefore, our duty to see to it that Europe must be made safe for our Allies, and they are really best qualified to determine what that safety is.

We are mistaken if we suppose that a democracy in Germany will destroy there the military inheritance and education of its people. It is a martial spirit against which the world must be protected more than against militarism. We are thinking rather of effects than causes. If the martial spirit is not broken, the military effects of it will soon appear again. Moreover, suffering and material losses are much more quickly forgotten among



Germans than among any other people in Europe. They are trained to endure and glorify their sufferings.

People who vainly imagine that Germany will be ready for an indefinite peace when this war is over do not understand the mental make-up of that country. They don't feel and think as we do. The discipline of severe punishment is fundamental with them, and a peace without punishment will neither be understood nor appreciated by them. Furthermore a peace without punishment will mean victory to them. It is our duty to help Europe to win, but when once we have won, we should see to it that Europe as well as democracy is made safe for the world. Germany is now planning to make England, France, Italy, and Russia dependent commercially upon that country. If war ends in such a way as to leave Germany commercially supreme, the Teutons will strike again soon for territorial aggrandizement.



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**Damascus.**—Now that Jerusalem has fallen to the British forces, the next objective in the advance through the Holy Land will undoubtedly be Damascus, in a drive that will have for its ultimate objective Aleppo. Aleppo is astride the main line of the Bagdad railway and its capture by the British would cut Turkey off from most of Asia Minor and all of Mesopotamia. It would also prevent a German advance on Bagdad by menacing the Teuton rear and base of operations. In advancing on Aleppo, Damascus would be probably the first city to fall to the British coming up from Jerusalem, for it lies on the main line of advance. From Damascus there is a railroad to Beirut, and that city too would naturally be an objective of the British forces approaching from Jerusalem. This wonderful photograph shows the most noted part of the city of Damascus, the street called Straight. It can be seen starting in the right foreground of the photo, beneath the long, arched roof, one of the widest streets in the city, extending across it from east to west, roofed over nearly all the way. Dotting the city can be seen the minarets from which the Muezzin four times daily call forth the faithful Moslems for their devotions.

# EDITORS' TABLE



## Only Life Worth While\*

*By President Joseph F. Smith*

Our meeting is open. We have met here this morning for the purpose of giving any of the brethren and sisters who desire to express their feelings, thoughts, joy, or satisfaction for the goodness and mercy of the Lord toward them, the privilege of doing so, as far as the time will permit. I am pleased to see the number that are assembled this morning, and in my heart I feel to say: The Lord bless my brethren and sisters who are here, who have come here because of the reverence and love they feel for the House of the Lord; and out of the respect they also have for that principle which has been established in the Church by which we give one day of our substance, which we need for ourselves, and which we generally use for ourselves, for the good of our poor brethren and sisters.

It is a fast day—a day of fasting and prayer, or in other words a day of rejoicing and prayer,—a day to entice the presence and influence of the Spirit of the living God into our hearts, instead of filling our stomachs to excess with the material things of life. It is good, sometimes, to leave room in our systems, or our bodies, for the presence and influence of the Spirit of the Lord, instead of feeling that we are glutted with the richness of his bounties to us, which we enjoy from day to day.

I say to you that I love the truth and the work in which we are engaged, more and more. It seems to me, the force of the truth that the Lord has revealed, through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith, presses upon my mind, and should rest upon the minds of the people who have embraced the gospel. Surely the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Surely we, his children, are most dependent upon him. There is no good thing, indeed there is nothing in this world, that can in the least degree contribute to the happiness, prosperity, joy, well-being, or satisfaction of the children of God that the Lord has not provided for us—the air we breathe, the substance that grows out of the elements of the earth, by the light of the sun, and the moistures that fall upon the surface of the earth, and the soil itself—all are God-given, and belong to the Lord. The light of heaven is his—the light which shines upon all, even the

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\*Remarks at the January Temple fast meeting.

evil as well as the good. The earth has been prepared by the Almighty for the sustenance of his children, so that the very food that we eat, our very breath, the air that we breathe, the very sunlight of heaven that shines upon the earth, are all from God, and we are indebted to him for them. Our existence here could not continue more than a few moments, at the extreme, were it not for his merciful providences in our behalf. So, when I think of my dependence upon the Lord for all the good that I enjoy, for life itself, and for the power and principles of existence in mortality, I feel to say: Father, I thank thee for thy mercies unto me.

I am grateful for life, because life is much to me. There is nothing but life that is worth while. Blessed, indeed, is he that hath the gift of eternal life, which is the greatest gift of God to the children of men, for it not only means endless life but endless increase. Without life there is no existence. With life there is all the intelligence, the power, the joys and all the blessings that can possibly be. These things come through life; therefore, life is a precious thing, and we ought to preserve it. We ought to take care of it the best we can. We ought not to oppose it; we ought not to do anything that would limit our existence in the world; but we should do everything to prolong life and to adapt ourselves to the accomplishment of the greatest possible good that our lives and our abilities will enable us to perform.

Now, the Lord bless you. I did not expect to say much, or anything, in fact, and I shall not make any further remarks during this meeting. I want the brethren and sisters to feel free to express themselves, as the Spirit of the Lord leads them; not to any very great length, but use wisdom with respect to the time which you may occupy. Let the Spirit of the Lord pervade your minds and give expression to your thoughts. God bless you, in my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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## President Charles W. Penrose

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### *Congratulations*

President Charles W. Penrose celebrated his eighty-sixth anniversary, on February 4, 1918, having been born in Camberwell, London, England, February 4, 1832. Thousands of our readers join with us in congratulating him on this auspicious occasion, and in wishing him continued health and happiness. President Penrose is a remarkable man who is greatly adored and respected by the whole community of Latter-day Saints. He had read the scriptures when four years old, and at the

age of eighteen joined the Church, having become convinced that the doctrine taught by the Latter-day Saints was scriptural and true. He straightway became a missionary in England, and traveled a whole decade thousands of miles preaching the gospel, going mostly on foot, and without purse or scrip. When released, he emigrated to America, in 1861, and in the Mountain Valleys took immediate interest in Church affairs, literature, writing and newspaper work. He made speedy progress both in civil and religious affairs. His life has been one constant stream of activity, and he arose from one honor to another until at present he occupies an exalted position in the highest quorum of the Priesthood—the Presidency of the Church. Beloved by all the people, he is constantly sought for the counsel and advice which his long and valued experience enables him to impart. On the principles of the gospel there is none more versatile, none more entertaining and instructive, both in public speaking and in written utterances, than President Charles W. Penrose. His many writings on the gospel have been circulated by the millions, and everywhere they have become standards on Church doctrine. In the early eighties he wrote a valuable work entitled *Mormon Doctrine*, and in 1896, while acting as Assistant Church Historian, he wrote twelve tracts entitled *Rays of Living Light*, which series he closed with the following prophetic utterance, very applicable in the present day:

### *A Prophetic Warning*

This is a day of warning. It will be followed by a time of judgments. The Lord is about to shake terribly the kingdoms of this world. War, pestilence, famine, earthquake, whirlwind, and the devouring fire, with signs in the heavens and on the earth, will immediately precede the great consummation which is close at hand. These are the last days. All that has been foretold by the Holy Prophets concerning them is about to be literally fulfilled. The everlasting gospel has been restored to the earth as one of the signs of the latter days. Israel is being gathered. The elect of God are assembling from the four quarters of the earth. The way is opening for the redemption of Judah. Soon all things will be in commotion: "men's hearts failing them for fear, and looking for the things that are coming on the earth." The places of refuge appointed are in Zion and in Jerusalem. The Lord, even Jesus the Messiah, will come to his Holy Temple. He will be glorified in his Saints, but will "take vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the gospel." He will break in pieces the nations as a potter's vessel. He will sweep the earth as with a besom of destruction. He will establish righteousness upon it and give do-



minion to his people. "The meek shall inherit the earth and the wicked be cut off forever." Therefore, repent and turn unto him all ye nations, and obey him all ye people, for these words are true and faithful and are given by his Spirit! Salvation has come unto you; reject it not lest ye fall and perish. The time is at hand!

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### In Honor of Hyrum M. Smith

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The following resolution was introduced by Elder Junius F. Wells, and unanimously adopted by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.:

It is in humility and sorrow that we spread upon the records of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. the announcement of the death of one of its most valued and zealous members, Elder Hyrum M. Smith, who died on the 23rd of January, in his forty-sixth year.

As a member and officer of our association only words of highest approval and praise can be spoken of him—for with us he was interested, faithful, devoted, exemplary, in every word and act; and he performed his whole duty, with respect to our organization, valiantly and well.

It has been said by those who remember his grandfather, after whom he was named, that Hyrum was like him, to which we testify from his resemblance to the accepted portrait of the martyred patriarch had among us. Moreover, he was strikingly like his grandfather in the strength of his character, in moral uprightness, in singleness of heart to serve the Lord, in physical courage and endurance.

Among the many notable encomiums of the life and character of the Patriarch the following we conceive to be among the most perfect epitaphs ever composed, and one of the finest things ever said of any man: "Hyrum Smith, for I, the Lord, love him because of the integrity of his heart, and because he loveth that which is right before me, saith the Lord."

Words multiplied could add nothing more to our appreciation, admiration and love of our dear brother Hyrum than to say he was like his grandfather.

We desire, nevertheless, to record our confident belief that, as God sends forth from his presence his faithful servants as angels to minister to men on earth; so also he calls men from among men to minister elsewhere, as appeareth with him needful and well. In this conviction and that we shall meet again, we bow to the Divine will in this seemingly too early parting, for a season, from our dear and highly valued friend and fellow-

servant. We sympathize deeply with his greatly beloved father, President Joseph F. Smith, our revered General Superintendent, and with his sorrowing mother, who grievously mourn the separation from their son; and with Hyrum's affectionate and devoted wife and children, who miss him most.

We fervently pray our Father in heaven for the consolation and comfort of his Spirit to be upon them all.

*Salt Lake City, January 30, 1918.*

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### The "Era" Story Contest

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In the January 5 contest, the committee selected a story entitled, *The Retreat of the Dismal Night*, by Elizabeth Cannon Porter, of Salt Lake City, for the first place; and *The Real Thing*, a story by Ethel K. Horsley, of Brigham City, for second place.

There were eighteen stories submitted to the *Era* for the February 5 contest. The first place was given to Mrs. Venice F. Anderson of Dupont, Washington; her story is entitled *Corporal Ron of the 362nd*. The second place was given to the story entitled *Forfeits*, by Nephi Anderson, of Salt Lake City; and to a story by Mrs. Elsie C. Carroll, of Provo, entitled *The Miracle*. The latter two were of such equal merit, in the opinion of the judges, that the second place was given to both.

Readers of the *Era* will find special pleasure in these five stories which will appear in due time in the magazine.

Writers will please take notice that the next contest will be held on the 5th of March. Stories for this contest should reach the editor by that date.

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### Messages from the Missions

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#### From Tasmania

This is a photo of the five elders who are now laboring in the Tasmanian conference. Top, left to right: Harry J. Russell, Salt Lake City; Marion Woolley, Kanab; bottom row: Leo G. Robertson, Springville; Eugene Nichols, American Fork, Utah, and Ed. C. Phillips, Idaho Falls, Ida. It has been some time since the *Era* has heard of our work; so this will be a good time to let you know that we are as live as ever, and active in the work. There is a manifest spirit of indifference to religion in Australia, but we have been enjoying a marked degree of success in Hobart, in that we have effected nine baptisms the last three months, and the attendance at our meetings has been steadily increasing, until now we are considering the installation of more seats, or else moving to larger quarters. The *Era* has played no small part in the conversion of these new members, and helping to keep such a perfect spirit of unity and brotherly love among the Saints. We, the elders and Saints, appreciate your kindness in sending it

to us, and are hoping that the war will not hinder our receiving same in the future.

Just recently we reopened our Launceston branch, and expect great results from that field, in the near future.

At present, the picture corporations are showing a film entitled "The Mormon Maid," which is an immoral, villainous, and slanderous picture,



purporting to be an exposure of "Mormonism and its hidden secrets." Many of the unthinking class accept it as the truth, but—thank the Lord—the educated reject it as being absurd, fanciful, a portrayal of sectarian hatred and bigotry, and disgusting. We get some pretty warm times over it in our tract-ing, but it does us good, as it all helps to build upon the gospel testimony that we already have.

The president of our mission, Don C. Rushton, has been released and is now on his way home. President A. D. Miller has been appointed in his stead. We know that the Lord will grant President Miller the same degree of success as he did our former beloved president, because he is faithful and God-fearing.

In Tasmania we are less affected by the great European war than most any other place on earth, as we have full and plenty of most every necessity of life, and are so far away that a limited amount of news concerning the conflict reaches us. About the only effects we can see of the war is the depleted manhood. The high cost of living has hardly touched us yet, as we can live easily—that is, batch and room—on \$13 a month.

### Doing Their "Bit" to Overthrow Militarism

"We are rapidly decreasing in numbers in Manchester, England. The three elders now laboring here represent about one-tenth of the pre-war number. However, in spite of this great shortage, our statistics show equal number of baptisms as previous, and an increase in the tithing paid. One may ask how this is possible. The secret is this: the Lord's work *will* go on. We have lady missionaries to fill the vacancies created by shortage, and the local priesthood are doing splendid work. The elders no longer 'carry' the Saints, but they are now carrying on their own activities under the supervision of the elders. The elders in the picture are, left to right: Lester F. Hewlett, new conference president, Salt Lake City; Wilford F. Burton, retiring conference president, Afton, Wyo.; Robert W. Cluff, Sugar City, Idaho. Elder Burton has returned to his home after an honorable

mission of over two years and Elder John H. Wilding, Sugar City, Idaho, has recently been sent from London to this conference where he is now



acting as clerk. The war seems to be welding the Latter-day Saints closer together daily, and the people here are earnestly watching the signs of the times. Our local priesthood are depleted owing to the war, and the Latter-day Saints on this side of the Atlantic are doing their 'bit' to overthrow militarism."—*Lester F. Hewlett.*

### A King Investigating



Elders Newel J. Cutler (sitting), and J. Kenneth Rallison shown here have been recently called to carry the gospel again to the Haapai Islands. When the first elders came, they began their labors on these islands, but did not remain long, as the people were not prepared, at that time, to receive the gospel. Since, however, the spirit of the people has entirely changed, and these two elders are now being received with greatest kindness, having the entire support of the governor and main chiefs of the islands. All meetings are well attended. The king of these islands is investigating the gospel at the present, and through his faith has been restored to good health by the administration of the elders. Our work here is growing and all are laboring hard to prepare this people for the acceptance

of the gospel.—*Willard L. Smith, President of Tongan Mission.*



## A Spiritual Feast

Apia, Samoa, Nov. 7, 1917. Elders of the Savaii conference of the Samoan mission. Left to right, front row: L. Twitchell, C. M. Ferrin, Mission President E. Wright, Conference President H. A. Jensen, H. W. Anderson; back row: J. P. Murdock, C. J. Sharp, G. H. Hale, A. D. Madson, H. O. Anderson (from Upolu), V. G. Woolley.

Conference was held this year in Faaala, Palauli, Savaii. This little village consists chiefly of Saints who recently joined the Church, but is nevertheless, at the present time, the liveliest branch in the conference. The people, still true to the typical Samoan custom of desiring to outdo their neighbor, tried to surpass all previous records. It was the opinion of



many that they succeeded in doing so. At any rate conference turned out to be a veritable spiritual feast for those present. The house was well filled at all sessions. The last meeting was turned over to the congregation to express their feelings. The Faaala Saints arose, one by one, and each bore testimony to his belief in the gospel. Several, with tears rolling down their cheeks, told of how they had first sent for the "Mormons" merely to spite their missionary whom they had had trouble with. Later becoming convinced in their hearts through the work of the elders they joined the Church. They are now about to begin work on a new elders' home and later on expect to put up a chapel. President Wright is highly elated over existing conditions. He thanked the elders for their excellent work in the past and exhorted them all to go forth, scatter tracts from house to house, in order that every man, woman, and child in Samoa may have a chance to hear the gospel.

## Release of the Mission President

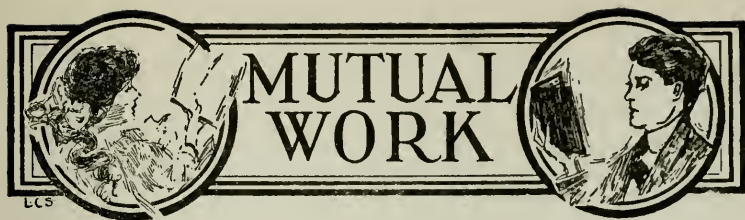
Sydney, Australia, November 27, 1917: "The release of President Don C. Rushton and his wife, Elizabeth J. Rushton, from their three years' labors as the presiding head of the Australian mission, produced great regrets

among the Saints, elders and friends who had become so warmly attached to them. The last evening before their departure was the scene of a farewell social given in their honor by Saints and elders at Sonoma (Mission Headquarters), 43 Station Street, Newton. A fine musical program, games, refreshments, and social chats were indulged in, and the farewell addresses given by President and Sister Rushton were full of love and encouragement to all present, impressing upon the Saints the necessity of living good lives in obedience to the gospel plan, that they might all meet again as brothers and sisters in the next estate of our Father's kingdom. They have left footprints in the sands of Australia that will never be obliterated. Their as-



sociation with elders and Saints has covered the inhabited portion of Australia, extending from Townsville, in the far north tropics of Queensland, to the island of Tasmania, one of the most southerly inhabited islands of the world, and to Perth, the extreme western settlement of Australia, a total distance of near five thousand miles. The fruits of their work is shown in six well organized conferences, many well established branches, and a body of well qualified elders to carry on their noble efforts in spreading the "Glad Tidings of Great Joy" to all the people in this far off corner of the Lord's vineyard. May the Lord grant them success, happiness and prosperity in their continued efforts, is the desire of all acquaintances and co-laborers. The elders and Saints welcome their successors, Elder Arnold D. Miller and wife, Mary J. Miller, and extend to them our hearty support and prayers for their success in presiding over the Australian Mission."—*J. Clifford Forsgren.*

Elders left to right standing: Jesse J. McQueen, Preston; J. Clifford Forsgren, Riverdale, Idaho (N. S. W. conference president); James P. Clayton, Provo; Clarence H. Tingey, Salt Lake City; Arnold D. Miller, St. Anthony, Idaho (Incoming Mission President); W. C. Hechmann, Salt Lake City (Mission secretary); W. H. Dittmore, Pleasant Grove, Utah. Left to right sitting: Wilford W. Stirriner, Union, Oregon; Elizabeth J. Rushton, Salt Lake City; Arthur D. Taylor, Provo; Leland J. Hansen, Collinston; Don C. Rushton, Salt Lake City (Retiring Mission President); Mary J. Miller, St. Anthony, Idaho.



## The Ethics of the Doctrine and Covenants.

For Advanced Senior Class, Joint Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

### *Lesson Sixteen—Loyalty*

Loyalty is an ethical virtue that consists in the habit of having confidence in, of having respect for, of making sacrifice for, of remembering and defending the object of our loyalty.

While the objects of loyalty are many, we shall consider in these lessons but three aspects of the subject: loyalty to persons, loyalty to authority, and loyalty to covenant.

*Loyalty to Persons.*—Personal loyalty usually culminates in what is called fast friendship, the type of friendship which Sir Francis Bacon tells us “redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves: for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friends, but he grieveth the less.”

Without friendship, connubial happiness is at best incomplete; and filial love fails in its destiny. One of the highest types of loyalty, of fortitude, is found in the character of Job. Peter emphasized the loyalty of defense in his Master’s behalf; and John the beloved the loyalty of “confidingness.” Brigham Young’s last words were, “Joseph, Joseph, Joseph.”

Loyalty to persons does not exclude the privilege of counsel, advice, admonition and even remonstrance. Sec. 6:18; Sec. 25.

Men become friends of God through loyalty, as did Abraham and the ancient apostles. Sec. 84:63-77.

### *Supplementary Reading*

Abraham’s friendship to Lot and to the Lord. Genesis, chaps. 13 and 22; II Chronicles 20:7.

David and Jonathan, I Sam. 18:1-13; chaps. 19 and 20.

Bacon’s essay on Friendship.

Emerson’s essay on Friendship.

*Loyalty to Authority.*—Authority is either human or divine. In society public safety depends upon the placing of loyalty to authority above that of loyalty to persons.

In cases where the objects of loyalty are recognized as of divine origin, confidence becomes faith, respect becomes reverence, devotion becomes sacrifice, message sending becomes prayer, defense becomes spiritual heroism.

The impossibility of personal loyalty between Saul and David did not preclude loyalty to his divinely anointed kingship.

Recognition of authority as a source of redress. Sec. 101:76.

The present grave situation in the United States makes loyalty to authority a paramount issue. It becomes the duty of every man, woman and child to be loyal to the President of the United States.



The divinely revealed prayer, the dedicatory prayer of the Kirtland temple, recognizes and is loyal to civil authority. Sec. 109, especially verse 55. Loyalty to civil executives, Sec. 134:3.

Loyalty to authority is definitely provided for in the article of faith which demands that we shall be subject to kings, rulers, and presidents, and that we shall honor, obey and sustain the law.

For an exposition of Church government and loyalty in the Church the student is cited to an address delivered by President Joseph F. Smith, in Parowan, Sept. 13, 1917. It is the opening article in the November issue of the *Era*, 1917, and contains a simple, lucid, authoritative exposition of the principles of government in the Church.

*Problems:*

1. Name five elements of loyalty.
2. Show that loyalty like all other ethical virtues must be based on sincerity.
3. Discuss the necessity of "confidingness," as an indispensable element of friendship, and especially in the family circle.
4. Give an example of loyalty in respect for and sacrifice for.
5. What event in the life of Moses indicates that he exercised the special privileges of loyalty? Exodus 32.
6. What is the function of advising and admonishing in personal loyalty?
7. What instance in the life of Abraham shows that God confided in him as one friend would confide in another, a father with a son, a president with a counselor?
8. How may a man become the personal friend of the Lord Jesus Christ? See *Compendium*, Gems, p. 269, under question, What is the other comforter?
9. Give an example of loyalty to authority being heroically kept above personal loyalty.
10. Distinguish by example the difference between reverence and respect.
11. Name five provisions of Church government calculated to develop loyalty to authority. Nov. *Era*, 1917.
12. Show that the safety of our nation and the freedom of the world depends on the loyalty of the American citizen to legislative and executive authority.

*Lesson Seventeen—Loyalty (Continued)*

*Loyalty to covenants* is a reinforcement of all other forms of loyalty. Its function is to furnish a bulwark against disloyalty, a refuge for fidelity, a support to cling to when other things have failed. When a pre-accepted penalty becomes a part of the covenant, the highest possible guarantee is given for loyalty. These principles hold good throughout the entire social universe, and their application as a source of power has been made use of from the beginning.

Sincere covenant-making is one of the loftiest forms of conduct, and wilful breaking of covenants is one of the basest forms of conduct, either in the individual or in the nation. In essence the breaking of the marriage covenant has in it all the vicious characteristics of the violation of a national treaty.

Divinity makes covenants with humanity in two ways: directly, as in the case of God's personal covenant with Noah, Abraham, Moses and Joseph Smith; and indirectly, through the words of his agents or those holding the priesthood or authority from God. The promise made in the blessing of a child by one authorized of the Lord, under the inspiration of his Holy



Spirit, is a covenant to which God will be loyal if the conditions are lived up to.

So vital is loyalty to covenant in the estimation of Divinity, the Lord has said: "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5:18). In this latter day, through Joseph the Prophet, the Lord has declared, "though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled" (Sec. 1:37-38).

The student is reminded that the main body of the book of our text the "Doctrine and Covenants," is under the heading Covenants and Commandments, and the very title of the book is "Doctrine and Covenants."

Covenants as a basis of special privileges (Sec. 28:12, 13).

Everlasting privileges dependent upon everlasting covenants (Sec. 66:2).

The super-seriousness of an official covenant, or the violation of an oath of office (Sec. 84:41).

Eternity of the family relations dependent upon eternity of covenant, and eternity of authority in making the covenants (Sec. 132:12-21).

Exaltation dependent on covenant and covenant-keeping (Sec. 76:50-70, and especially verse 67).

The acceptance of an ordinance with its privilege is a silent covenant to keep and to honor the ordinance.

The sacrament is a review of our baptismal covenant and of Christ's covenant concerning his resurrection and redemption.

A covenant becomes a part of the covenanter, a deliberate part of him, not the impulsive part, and a violation of a covenant is therefore a betrayal of the highest qualities of the individual. An impulsive or thoughtless disregard of covenant may be recommended for mercy, but a wilful violation of covenant must be met by the demands of stern justice.

#### *Problems:*

1. Why is our text called the "Doctrine and Covenants"?
2. Wherein is a man made ethically stronger by covenant?
3. Why is an indirect covenant just as sacred as a direct one?
4. How may a contract on earth be made so as to carry over into eternity?
5. On what ethical grounds is the covenant person entitled to greater privilege than the non-covenant one?
6. What would happen if an officer-elect should refuse to take the oath of office?
7. How would the testimony of a witness be affected by a refusal to covenant that he would tell the truth?
8. Why is it worse for an officer to break the law than for a civilian to do so?
9. Why are all falsehoods told on the witness stand double lies?
10. Wherein is covenant-breaking self-betrayal?
11. Why are covenant-keepers as a rule socially optimistic?
12. How is loyalty to covenant affected by a frequent review of it, or a symbolic renewal of it?
13. Wherein does the ethics of the "Doctrine and Covenants" hold out the highest hope of reward and the greatest fear of punishment as incentives for loyalty to covenants?

### *Lesson Eighteen—Ethics of Finance*

#### *Part I—Fundamental Principles*

- a. There is universal sufficiency (Sec. 124:17).

- b. Needs or righteous wants the basis of equitable distribution (Secs. 51:3; 82:17; 42:33).
- c. The laborer is worthy of his hire (Sec. 31:5).
- d. Common consent should be the controlling element in fixing compensation (Sec. 124:121).
- e. Honesty and ability the basis of fundamental responsibility (Sec. 104:70-80).

### *Part II—Provisions for Various Conditions*

- a. Miserly wealth (Secs. 56:16; 104:18).
- b. Parasitic poverty (Sec. 56:17).
- c. Humility safe from humiliation (Sec. 84:112).
- d. Economic necessity (Sec. 48:4).
- e. Over production (Sec. 51:13; 42:55).
- f. The tendency towards landlordism (Sec. 48:2).
- g. Worthy institutional dependency (Sec. 78:3).
- h. Credit and exchange (Sec. 42:54).
- i. Necessity for accounting (Secs. 69:5; 104:12).

### *Problems:*

1. Prove from the Doctrine and Covenants the truth of the statement: If distribution were as equitable as production is plentiful, no one need suffer for the necessities of life.
2. Why are needs limited to righteous wants?
3. Show that the laborer is worthy of his hire, while the employe may not be worthy.
4. Show that society is struggling towards the democracy of wage fixing.
5. Prove the accuracy of the statement: Miserly wealth dooms its possessor to friendlessness, Godlessness, and heavenlessness.
6. Discriminate between the poor of the Church and the poor in the Church.
7. What is meant by the word "broken" in Sec. 56:17 and the word "humbling" in Sec. 84:112.
8. Wherein does the Doctrine and Covenants provide for conservation and increased productiveness for special purposes?
9. Wherein is "landlordism" a bone of world-wide contention, today? What safeguard against this evil does the Doctrine and Covenants provide?
10. Describe the Church policy of land ownership, in the settlement of Utah, under the direction of Brigham Young.
11. Wherein is institution charity superior to personal charity? (a) in its effect on the giver? (b) in its effect on the receiver?
12. Wherein is our fast offering system doubly economic?
13. Discuss the problem: The repudiation of an honest debt is one of the worst forms of debt.
14. What is the command of the Lord Jesus Christ to modern Israel, concerning debt-paying?
15. Through what special committee of expert accountants does the Trustee-in-Trust render an account of his stewardship to the Church?

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## Snowflake in the Front

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T. W. Tanner, Snowflake, Arizona, writes that Snowflake ward received the stake pennant for 1916-1917 and that the same ward has received the red, white and blue every month so far for 1917-18. The efficiency report for

December shows the whole stake well up in the various activities of the M. I. A. work.

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### Wasatch Stake Efficiency Report

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Owing to the Efficiency Report of the Wasatch stake being written on a letter head with other items instead of on a report blank, the letter was filed by mistake without being handed to the editor. We, therefore, give the following standing of the Wasatch stake for the month of December, 1917, which should have been printed in the February number: Membership, 10; attendance, 10; special activities, 10; scout work, 5; social work, 10; Era, 5; fund, 5; vocations and industries, 5; stake board meetings, 10; ward officers' meetings, 10.

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### Corn and Bean Contests

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The following suggestions come from Alvin Allen, Hyrum, Utah:

"I am interested in the growing of corn and beans and naturally take great interest in the yields of the prize-winners. I feel it would be a good thing to have some of these winners write short sketches of how they did it. Other growers would undoubtedly like to know. This might include the kind of soil, the distance apart of plants or hills, the mode of cultivation, varieties of corn and beans, cost of labor, etc."

We think that these suggestions are good, and invite the winners in the corn and bean contest of last year to write short notes containing information on the points spoken of by Mr. Allen. Who will be the first to give the *Era* a short statement of the work which he accomplished and how he did it?

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### Death of Morris Gottfredson

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This sad message comes from Supt. John R. Nielson, Jr., South Sanpete stake, dated Manti, January 23, 1918. Morris was the winner in the Y. M. M. I. A. corn and bean contest for 1917, as reported in the February *Era*:

*Dear Brethren*—We were delighted to learn that Morris Gottfredson of our stake received the first prize on corn. The family are very pleased. Sunday evening a member of the stake board phoned the news to their home, but Morris was so ill that he scarcely realized what it meant. He lapsed into unconsciousness Monday, and after very much suffering died Monday night, January 21.

The mother is a widow, and Morris was a large part of her support. The prize money will be very welcome to help pay the funeral expenses of the boy who won it. It is a sad thing to face.

Mutual work is doing very nicely in this stake.

Your brother,

Jno. R. Nielson, Jr., Supt.

The General Board, at the meeting on February 5, passed a resolution of sympathy for the bereaved mother and family.

## Thrift Stamps and Savings Certificates

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The following joint circular has been sent to stake superintendents and presidents with request that they be sent to the proper officers in every association in their stakes:

Some time ago the General Boards of the M. I. A. endorsed the Thrift Stamp Campaign. We are anxious to know how many of your members have purchased Thrift Stamps or War Savings Certificates. We suggest that you ask the different wards of your stake to place in some conspicuous place before the association, on a large placard, the number enrolled and the number who have purchased Thrift Stamps or War Savings Certificates. This will stimulate interest until these numbers become equal.

To facilitate the sale of the Savings Stamps and Certificates, it is suggested that you ask your ward presidents to have stamps for sale at the association meetings. These stamps may be obtained at any postoffice or bank. Arrangements may be made to return the unsold stamps at the close of each session.

We will ask you to kindly report your standing at the end of February and also at the end of March. Inclosed you will find the report blanks. Please forward these with the necessary information at the end of February and March. Stamps purchased at any time may be included in the report.

By order of the General Boards Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

*Moroni Snow,*  
*Clarissa Beesley,*  
General Secretaries.

## M. I. A. Activities

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Scoring in M. I. A. Activities closes on March 26.

*Public Speaking Contest.*—It is hoped that large numbers of our Mutual Improvement members will participate in the Public Speaking contest this year. Try-outs should be held in wards, stake districts, stakes, and Church districts. The final contest will be held at the June conference. Committees having this work in charge will please send to the general office, not later than May 25, the names of winners in the Church district tryouts and also copies of addresses.

*Scoring Reports.*—Stake Joint Activities Committees are asked to send to General Secretary Moroni Snow, the following reports on activities:

1. A compilation of the reports received each month from the wards:
  - a. Points scored by the associations.
  - b. Points scored by individuals—Y. M. M. I. A.
  - c. Points scored by individuals—Y. L. M. I. A.
2. The number of wards in the stake having earned the three colors permanently; that is, three months during the season, one of which is the closing month.

This report should be sent by May 1.

## Milwaukee on the M. I. A. Map

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Walter H. Loobs, secretary Y. M. M. I. A., Milwaukee branch, Milwaukee, Wis., writes, February 9: "The Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Milwaukee branch are very active this season. There are at present sixty-two members enrolled. The member-



ship is divided into two classes, one of young ladies and one of young men. The young ladies' class is studying the lessons assigned in the *Young Woman's Journal*, and the young men are studying the *Improvement Era* lessons for the Advanced Senior class. Almost every member has been kept busy with special activity work. About twelve hundred points have already been made. About fifteen minutes of every meeting, before going to class, is given to this work. One entire meeting was devoted to this division of the Mutual work, when a mock trial, a debate, and a musical program occupied the entire evening. This organization has given the members of the branch a number of amusements. After the Mutual meeting, a few games are played until about ten o'clock. The mock trial, and an evening party furnished much amusement. The officers of this association are now planning a sleigh ride party, and an entertainment in which "Won by Wireless" will be played. A dance will be given at the close of Mutual.

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### The Saving of Souls

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Supt. Ernest P. Horsley and the Stake Superintendency of the Box Elder stake Y. M. M. I. A., have sent out in circular No. 11, for the month beginning January 1, the following instructions to officers under the above title:

"The most enjoyable labor ever performed by any man, woman or child, was the labor of directing someone into the path of truth and right.

"You are asked to call on the ward clerk and make a list of all the boys in your ward between the ages of 15 and 19. Check all those who are enrolled in your M. I. A., and then make a list of all who do not belong to the Y. M. M. I. A. You should have this list ready to present to a Mutual Improvement Association missionary, who will be sent into your ward to labor for one week, commencing Monday, January 14, 1918. Every boy between the ages of 15 and 19 who is not enrolled will be visited by the missionary, and will be asked to give his reasons why he is not a member, and further what he can suggest to make the M. I. A. suitable, alive, and modern, and an organization that will please and improve the boys.

"We will send you a Board member to call on brethren who are enrolled but indifferent. The Board member will not be with you a whole week but will work until he has visited the brethren and had a good talk with them."

This is certainly an effective way of interesting young men in our work, and is in line with the suggestions made by the General Committee, in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, for 1917, in which it is particularly requested that a missionary system be established in each stake with a view to winning and holding the 15-19 year old boy. The plan adopted in the Box Elder stake is commendable and worthy of careful consideration by other stake superintendents.

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### Efficiency Reports

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Stake superintendents and ward officers will please glance at their stake record in the efficiency report for January. If your stake is not represented, determine it shall be for February. Let us all make a supreme effort, in this matter, so that every stake shall be represented in the report for February to be printed in the April *Era*. Your report should be in the hands of the *Era* by March 10. If you have no report in figures, please say so in words.

## PASSING EVENTS

*General Luigi Cadorna*, who was responsible for the Isonzo debacle, has been removed as a member of the Inter-Allied Supreme War Council, according to a telegram from Rome, February 10. General Gaetano Giardino, former minister of war, has been appointed to succeed him.

*B. Henry Lessmann*, an Ogden minister, who gained admittance to the Fort Douglas prison camp, by virtue of his ecclesiastical calling, and after the prison authorities had been given the strongest recommendation of his trustworthiness, was arrested on February 11, in the act of smuggling a letter to an enemy alien interned in the civilian section of the third War Prison Camp at Fort Douglas. Miss Augusta Minnie Deckman was arrested as an accomplice. Lessmann was later released on a \$2000 bond.

*President Heber J. Grant* received a telegram from Secretary W. G. McAdoo, appointing him a member of the Liberty Loan General Executive Committee for the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, on January 31, 1918. This appointment followed his selection, shortly before that time, as chairman of the Liberty Loan Sales Committee for Utah. He is to serve without compensation, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Joseph K. Lynch, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.

*Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice*, former British Ambassador to the United States, died at Ottawa, Canada, one o'clock, February 14, 1918, of heart failure. He passed peacefully away in his sleep. Sir Cecil became British Ambassador in Washington, May 6, 1913, succeeding Ambassador James Bryce. He spent many years in the British diplomatic service, having come to Washington first as third assistant secretary of the embassy.

*Lieut. Dudley A. Loomis*, pilot, 22 years old, a native of Moscow, Idaho, and a student of the Idaho State University, was burned to death, February 7, on the post field at Fort Sill, School of Aerial Observers, when his machine made a nose dive from a height of five hundred feet and burst into flames. His body was burned beyond recognition. He attended the training camp at Presidio, California, and was there commissioned to the Aviator School at Fort Sill.

*Herbert S. Auerbach*, a member of one of the well known merchant firms of Salt Lake City, has been appointed Major in the ordnance department of the United States Army. He was a member of the board of regents of the University of Utah, and vice-president of the Utah Better Roads Association. He resigned from the Board of Regents, owing to his appointment to the national service. Major Auerbach is the son of Samuel H. Auerbach, founder of the great mercantile establishment bearing the name, and who is now in retirement at the age of seventy-one.

*Abd-ul-Hamid*, for thirty-three years the tyrant Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, died February 10, 1918. He was born September 22, 1848, and became sovereign of Turkey when his elder brother, Murad V, was deposed because of mental incapacity, in 1876. In the Revolution of 1909, he was driven from the Imperial Palace on the shores of the Bosphorus,

made a prisoner, and confined in the Villa Latini, a former residence of a Greek merchant in Saloniki, the city where the Young Turk movement had its birth, a party bent upon constitutional government. He had been a prisoner since that time, and died in prison.

*Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* have been accorded recognition as ministers of the gospel, by the High Court of England, according to a correspondent writing to the *Deseret News*, under date of January 15. The decision was rendered in the case of the North London Branch President, William Thomas Fawkes, of Ashford, Middlesex County. The question was whether he is a regular minister in the denomination known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with reference to his position in the matter of military service. It was settled that the Church was a religious denomination, and that Mr. Fawkes was an accredited minister therein, hence exempt.

*A prophecy come true.*—The International News Service prints the following telegram from London, dated February 8: "For three hundred years the inhabitants of Jerusalem have cherished a prophecy and a hope that their city would be taken by a friendly and benign power; that it would fall without bloodshed; that the conqueror would enter it on foot, and that his name would signify 'Allah' and his prophet. That prophecy has been fulfilled. General Allenby entered the Joppa gate on foot. There was no bloodshed, and he entered as a friend. Then his name is significant, 'Alle' is obviously 'Allah'; 'nby' in the Arabic stands for something very nearly equivalent to prophet or seer." The reader is referred to the portrait of Allenby entering the Joppa gate of Jerusalem, published in this number of the *Era*.

*The Russian Church and State* were absolutely separated as far as it could be done by them, on February 5, by an edict issued by the saviets and signed by Nikolai Lenine and other members of the *defacto* government of Russia. The edict eliminates church incomes from the state and confiscates all church realty, furnishings and paraphernalia. Religious freedom is guaranteed, so long as religious societies do not interfere with social order, limit the rights of individuals, or hinder the republic. No religious scruples are to exempt persons from their duties as citizens. Marriage ceremonies and birth registrations are to be performed by the civil authorities. Religious teaching is abolished in the state schools and in private schools with a similar curriculum. No state assistance will be given to any church, society, or religious agent.

*Charles W. Carter*, pioneer photographer of Salt Lake City, born London, England, August 4, 1832, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Smith, of Midvale, Utah, on Sunday, January 27, 1918. To him is due the preservation of many scenes in early Utah and on the plains, and also pictures of Indians. These photographs have been of great service to historians, and have often helped to settle questions in land litigations. He had several studios in Salt Lake at different times, and at one time had a stand outside the temple wall, on the southeast corner of the temple grounds, where he sold his pictures. He was early in life an English school master, and also a sergeant in the British army, and saw the 165th regiment leave England before it participated in the battle of Balaklava. He came to Salt Lake City in 1859.

*President Woodrow Wilson* delivered a message before Congress in joint session, on February 11, again setting forth the principles upon which America demands that the peace of the world shall be re-built. The speech was delivered in answer to the speech of Count von Hertling, the

German Chancellor, delivered January 24, and also to that of Count Czernin of Austria, delivered the same day. The German and Austrian speeches were delivered in answer to President Wilson's speech of January 8, which has heretofore appeared in the *Era*. The President, in the remarkable Feb. 11 address, reiterates that final peace must be based upon justice, and that provinces are not to be bartered about as pawns in a game. A good example of bartering provinces is found in the recent treaty of the new republic of Ukrain with Germany. Parts of Poland were made the pawns.

*Ships sunk by submarines*, in 1917, was nearly three times as great as the total of production in tonnage in the United States and Great Britain, during that year. Great Britain produced only 1,163,474 tons of shipping last year, whereas the output in the United States was 901,233 tons, making a combined total tonnage of 2,064,707. While sinkings by submarines last year generally are reckoned at six million tons. For 1918, this shortage is not expected. The output of ship tonnage in the United States for 1918 is estimated at two million five hundred thousand tons to four million tons. The shipping board officials are confident that at least three million, five hundred thousand tons will be completed by the Allies in 1918. Britain has no definite estimate, but it is expected that that country will materially increase its 1917 figures. Japan also is expected to increase its output very materially.

*Tuscania*, a Cunard Liner transport, bearing two thousand one hundred seventy-nine officers and men of an American National Guard division, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on February 5, in the North Atlantic near the Scottish coast. Up to Tuesday evening, February 12, a week after the disaster, one hundred seventy-one victims of the ill-fated *Tuscania* had been laid to rest at different points on the Scottish coast. Considerable anxiety was felt in Utah over the disaster, as a number of Utah men were on board. So far as is known up to this writing none of the Utah men were drowned. Among the Utah boys rescued are Lieut. Renwick S. McNiece, William Clive, Jr., Raymond D. Smith, Edwin J. Allen, Jr., of Salt Lake City. This is the first vessel carrying over troops to be sunk, though the *Antilles* was sunk October 17, 1917, on her return trip with the loss of 67 men.

*A peace treaty* between the new Ukrainian Republic of the Southern part of Russia, and the Central Powers, or the Austro-German power, was signed at Brest-Litovsk on February 11. The new republic is fully recognized by the quadruple alliance and the contracting parties agreed to live in peace and amity for all time. Following the treaty the Russians declared the war ended, and ordered a demobilization of the army. It provides that direct intercourse is to be resumed and that reciprocal relations are to be established at once on all fronts. The treaty apparently included a secret giving away of Polish provinces to the Ukrain and there was great dissatisfaction, strikes, and wrath, over the action of the Central Powers, in Warsaw and other Polish districts on Feb. 17, and on the 19th the Germans took up arms again against Russia, and to aid the Ukrainians against the Bolsheviks, who captured Kiev on the 18th.

*Alonzo P. Kessler*, former assistant postmaster of Salt Lake, a son-in-law of President Joseph F. Smith, and prominent for years in public activity, died in Salt Lake City, February 4, 1918, from injuries received in falling from a scaffold. Alonzo Pratt Kessler was born in Salt Lake City, January 20, 1868, and was the son of the late Bishop Frederick Kessler and Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Pratt Kessler, prominent and esteemed pioneers of Utah. In asso-



ciation with President Nephi L. Morris of the Salt Lake Stake he filled a mission to Britain, in 1894, returning to Utah in the spring of 1896. The following year he was called to preside over the Eastern States Mission, holding that position for two years. He married Donette Smith, daughter of President Joseph F. and Mrs. Julina L. Smith. His wife and five children survive him, also six brothers and three sisters. He had recently built a beautiful home in Salt Lake City, in which a few days before his death, Tuesday, January 29, the family celebrated his fiftieth anniversary. He had many friends, and was widely known and esteemed.

*Winning the War through Business.*—Recently it was announced that five hundred thousand American business men, through their commercial organizations, are preparing to notify the business men of Germany that they will not re-establish trade relations with Germany unless a government in that country responsible to the people is given power. This proposed action of the business men is based upon the logic that only through industrial intercourse with the United States can the military party of Germany get the sinews with which to precipitate a second great world war. This blow directed by American business at German business will supplement the steps already taken to bring home to the different classes in Germany the purposes and will of America to establish conditions which will eliminate, as far as possible, factors which will disturb again the peace of the world. Is it not possible that this action, if carried into effect, would have greater power than even military force or starvation, to bring the German autocracy to terms, and to bring peace to the world?

*Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, U. S. A.,* grandson of General Robert E. Lee, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States during the Civil War, is fighting for the United States. Lieut. Lee has the mark as a military leader set by his famous grandfather as the goal of his efforts, though he will be doing his utmost for that Union which his grandsire strove to destroy. Gen. Lee's fame as a soldier is secure, for he is rated by military experts as one of the greatest commanders the world has known. If Lieut. Lee inherits his military skill there will be no question about his chances of being rated a military genius. Major William Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, a grand-nephew of General Robert E. Lee, recently died while on duty in France, according to a confirmed report received here. Major Simpson was in charge of the American school of machine gun fire in France. No particulars of his death except that it was due to appendicitis, have been received. The Lees are in the fight.



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*Bolo Pasha* was sentenced at Paris, February 14, to be shot dead as a

traitor. He had been shown to be one of the most cold-blooded, daring and calculating schemers for wealth at the expense of his bleeding fatherland ever recorded in the annals of treason. He carried on a German propaganda in France. Boloism has come to mean a system by which Germany strove to break down the French morale, and instil a desire for peace by spreading the idea that Germany could not be beaten, and that it would be well to make the best terms possible as soon as they could be arranged. Bolo himself was said to have had the use of a fund of more than one million, five hundred thousand dollars, to be used in attempting to corrupt the French press, French statesmen and leaders, and to influence French opinions by subsidizing newspapers in France or founding new publications to disseminate the spirit of pacifism. His activities were especially interesting to Americans because it was charged that of the large funds at his disposal, a million, six hundred eighty-three thousand dollars were transferred from a Berlin bank to France, by way of New York. It was as a result of the discovery of his manipulations of this fund, through five New York banking houses, that the New York state attorney general was able to obtain information which, forwarded to France through the French Ambassador at Washington, brought about Bolo's arrest in Paris.

*Some Shells.*—That expresses it better than any descriptive phrase could for this British official photo. It is some pile of shells. This is but a slight



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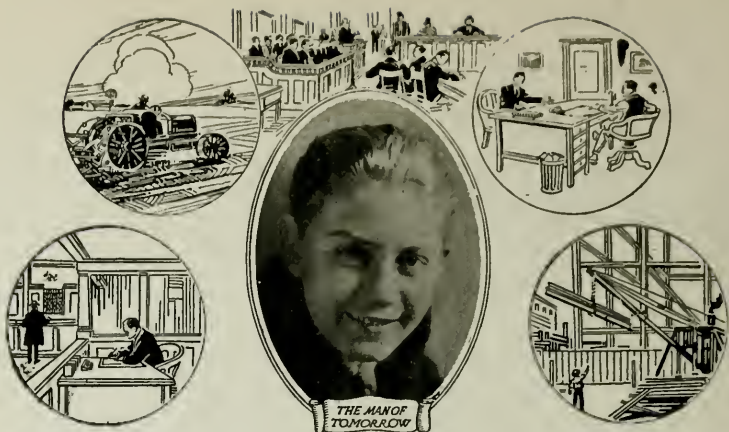
part of the huge quantity of munitions that is piled up behind the lines to be used daily in teaching the Teuton that his place is beyond the Rhine. Try to count them if you can, and then multiply this pile by any number, but be sure that it is so large that it approaches the infinite. Then you still will be far short of the actual number of shells used by the Allies on the Western front.

# General Efficiency Report of Y. M. M. I. A. for January, 1918

STAKES	Member- ship	Class Work	Special Activities	Scout Work	Social Work	ERA	Fund	Vocations and Industries	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting	Ward Officers' Meetings
Alberta.....										
Alpine.....	5	10	10	5	10	5		10	10	5
Bannock.....	5	5	5				5		10	10
Bear Lake.....	5	5	10		5	10	5		10	10
Bear River.....	10	10	10			5			10	10
Beaver.....										
Benson.....	5	5	10	5		5			10	
Big Horn.....										
Bingham.....										
Blackfoot.....										
Boise.....										
Box Elder.....	10	10	10	5	10	10		10	10	10
Cache.....	5	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10
Carbon.....										
Cassia.....	10		10		5	10	5	5	10	10
Cottonwood.....										
Curlew.....										
Davis North.....										
Davis South.....										
Deseret.....	5	5	10		5	10	10	5	10	5
Duchesne.....										
Emery.....										
Ensign.....	5	5	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	10
Fremont.....										
Granite.....	5	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10
Hyrum.....	5	5	10	10		5		5	10	5
Idaho.....	5	10	10		10	10	5		10	10
Jordan.....	10	5	10		5	5	5		5	10
Kanab.....										
Kanab.....	10	10		5	10	10			10	10
Liberty.....	5	5	10	10	5	5	5	*	10	10
Malad.....										
Maricopa.....	10	10	10		5	10	10	*	10	10
Millard.....										
Moapa.....										
Morgan.....										
Nebo.....										
North Sanpete.....										
North Weber.....	5	10	10		5	5	5		10	10
Ogden.....	5	5	10	5	10	10	5		10	10
Oneida.....	5	5	10		5	10		10	10	5
Panguitch.....										
Parowan.....	5	5	10	5	5	5	5		10	5
Pioneer.....	5	10	10		10	5	5	5	10	5
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Teton.....	10	5	10		5	5	5		10	
Tintic.....	5	10	10	10	10	10	5		10	10
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Uintah.....	10	10	10		10	10	10		10	10
Union.....	10	10	10		10	5			10	
Utah.....										
Wasatch.....	10	10	10	5	10	5	5	5	10	10
Wayne.....										
Weber.....										
Woodruff.....	5	10	5	5	5				10	5
Yellowstone.....	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	10	10	10
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California Mission.....	10	10	10		5	5	5			5

A stake report must be sent to the Secretary of the General Board, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the 10th of each month, to be published monthly in the ERA. When the report shows that the requirements in General Efficiency have been reached, it is indicated by placing 10 in the proper space; if half, place 5. When stakes are below half General Efficiency requirements, it is indicated by a blank. (See Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book, pp. 17, 18, for regulations.)





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